THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

OCTOBER, 1909

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Tennyson's Critic

Here is a Tennyson anecdote which we recently found in a French literary paper, and which we believe will be new to a great many of our readers. The laureate, of course, was in the habit of receiving a large number of requests for his autograph. As a rule, he did not reply. But one day he was much impressed by the letter of the young daughter of a country gentleman, and he sent her not only his autograph, but an original quatrain. The girl was naturally delighted. Her father, however, did not allow her to thank the poet, but assumed that responsibility himself. He sent the following letter:

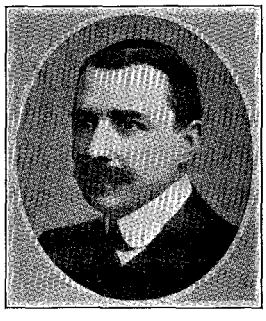
DEAR SIR: I have shown your verses to the schoolmaster. He finds that the tails of the g's and the upper part of the h's are very irregular, and that you also forget to cross your t's. Aside from that, I thank you for your effort.

Bret Harte in Glasgow

This is J. M. Barrie's favourite story about Bret Harte. When Harte reached Glasgow after his appointment as the American Consul to that city his finances were at a comparatively low ebb, and instead of going at first to a hotel, he found it expedient to seek lodgings at once. His search led him to a dour Scotch landlady, arrangements were made, and after leaving his belongings in his new home he went out to look after his official duties. Upon his return that evening he was met by the landlady. Her attitude was stern and questioning. "I've been looking over your belongings, Mr. Harte," she said, "but whaur's your Bible?"

Thomas Hardy's Tess

The opera by Baron Frederic d'Erlanger and Signor Illica founded on Thomas Hardy's *Tess of the D'Urbevilles* was recently presented for the first time in England. In adapting the story no attempt was made to follow the narrative to the end. One prominent new character is introduced, and the fourth and last act ends with the marriage of Angel Clare and Tess, Tess's confession of the past and her departure, after her pleading with her husband in vain. There is nothing to indicate the subsequent murder of Durbeyfield and the execution of Tess. Baron d'Erlanger, the composer, is a banker who finds time to write



BARON FREDERIC D'ERLANGER
The composer of *Tess*

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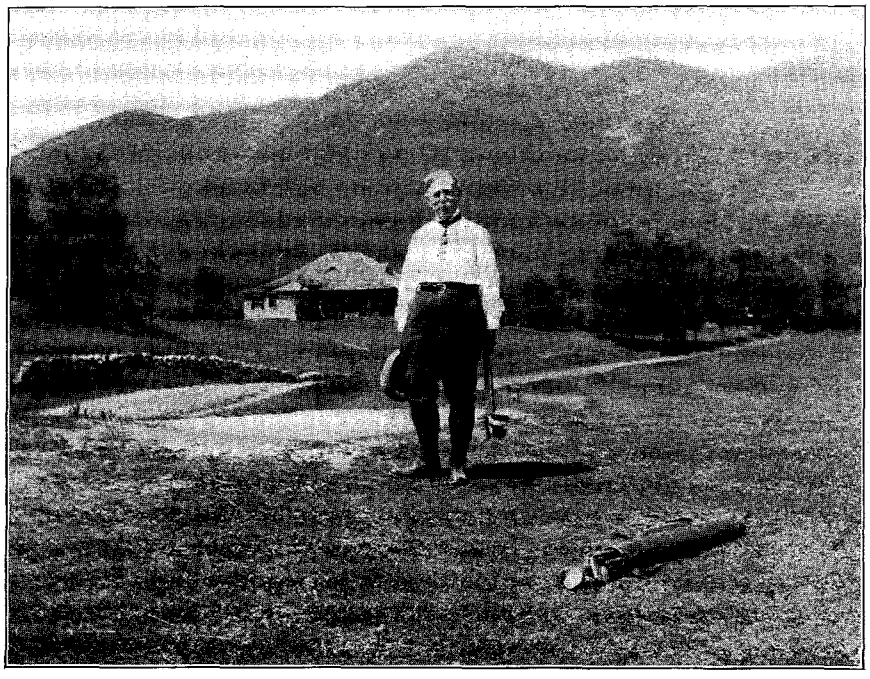

UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS — HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

Mr. Mabie is one of that distinguished group of men of letters which finds relaxation in the "Royal and Ancient" game. This portrait was taken this summer on the golf links of the Ausable Club, at St. Herbert's, in the Adirondacks

music. Four countries may claim him. He has a German father, an American mother, he was born in Paris, and he is a naturalised Englishman.

The reports of the death, or at least the fatal illness, of Jack London prove apparently, as is usual in such cases, to have been grossly exaggerated. Mr. London has, it is true, abandoned his trip around the world in the *Snark,* and is back in California, but reports that have been received by his friends indicate that his literary career is by no means ended. His recent experiences give additional point to some of the adventures of the hero in *Martin Eden,* the latest of his books. It is said that *Martin Eden* has more than a touch of autobiography—which would not be altogether surprising or out of keeping with Mr. London's literary methods. He has always used his own experiences very frankly as material for his fiction. He went to the Klondike and straightway wrote Klondike stories. He was an oysterman in San Francisco Bay and wrote *Tales of the Fish Patrol.* Once he went to London and "slummed" for a few weeks, and the result was *People of the Abyss.* The fruit of his experiences as a "hobo" was the book called *The Road.* At last in *Martin Eden* he has dramatised the life of a writer of stories. In the true spirit of adventure, the chances are that the latest book will not suffer by comparison with its predecessors.

Auto-biographical

The publication of *Stradella,* six months after its author's death, marks the actual end of the career of the late Marion Crawford. His friends will like to dwell on the fact that his last two books, published after his death, were curiously typical of the two great interests of his life. *Stradella* represents his passion for history as *The White Sister* did his devotion to modern Rome. The

Crawford's Last Book

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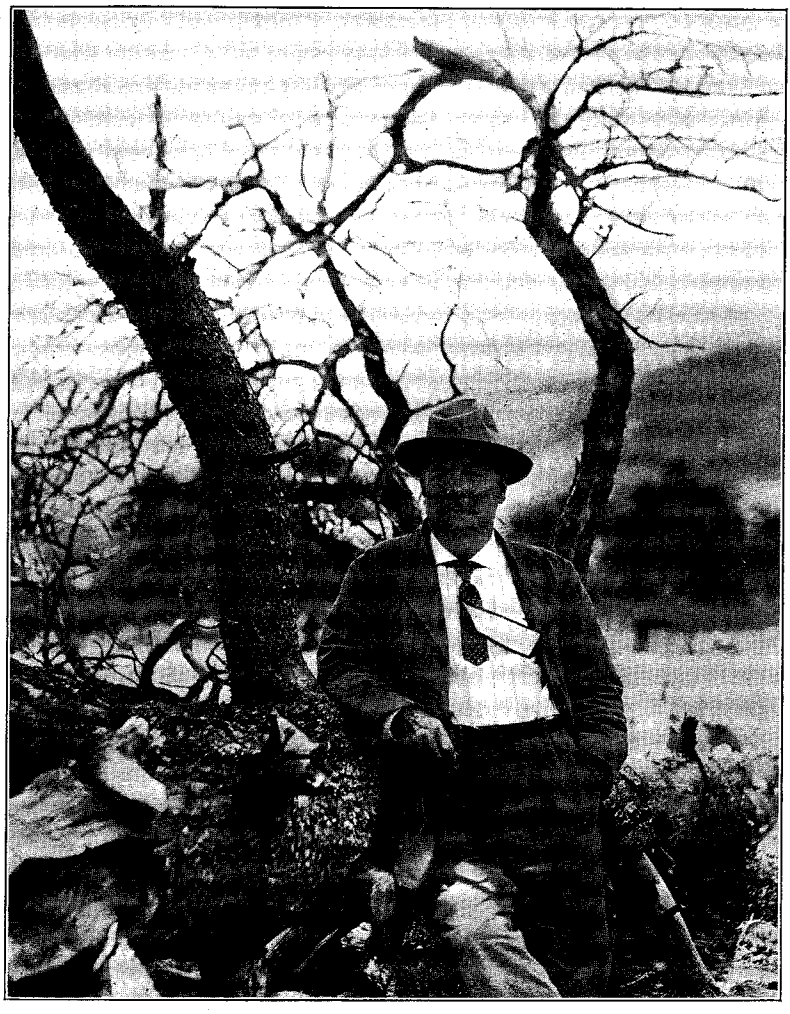

UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

last novel is, of course, based on the career of the Italian composer, Stradella, whose name lives in musical history as that of the writer of one great song, *Pieta Signore*. Mr. Crawford is said to have built up the entire romance around a casual reference to this man in one of the contemporary historians whom he so delighted to read and study.

The Fifty-one Foot Shelf

Preposterous as was Dr. Eliot's "Five-Foot Shelf" as a phrase it has unquestionably made a decided impression. The works of the prolific and energetic Cryrus Townsend Brady were being discussed. "I rather liked the first five feet of Cyrus Townsend Brady," said some one, "but for the last forty-six feet I don't care so much."

Mrs. Ward's Novels

Houghton, Mifflin and Company have just received from Mrs. Humphry Ward for use in their forthcoming Complete Subscription Edition of her works, an interesting introduction to *The History of David Grieve*. The scenes of Mrs. Ward's novels are almost all taken from actual places which the author has known and loved. Thus, a visit to a farm on the Kinderscout furnished the material

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UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS — ETHEL STEFANA STEVENS

The Veil, by Ethel Stefana Stevens, has been one of the successes of the year in England. It ran through six editions in a few weeks. It is a romance of Tunis

for the opening chapter of *David Grieve*, a season spent at Hampden House in Buckinghamshire gave the original of Mellor Park in *Marcella*, and a village near Crewe gave the scenes of *Sir George Tressady*. *Helbeck of Banisdale* was the result of a summer spent in the delightful home of Captain Bagot of Levens Hill, near Kendal, and summers in Italy and Switzerland gave the scenery for *Lady Rose's Daughter*, *Eleanor*, and to a less degree, *The Marriage of William Ashe*. Mrs. Ward will write an explanatory introduction for each volume of the new edition, besides revising her work.

Mr. de Morgan's New Novel

With the titles *Somehow Good* and *Alice for Short* in mind, *It Never Can Happen Again*, which is the name of Mr. William de Morgan's forthcoming novel, may surprise, but it cannot positively astonish. *It Never Can Happen Again* has two main themes. One is the love of Blind Jim for his little daughter Lizarann; the other is the account of the doings of Titus Scroop, afterward Sir Titus Scroop, novelist, Marianne his wife, and Julia Ackroyd, daughter of a wealthy baronet who has become obsessed by the Feudal System. The plot turns on the relationship of Scroop to his deceased wife's sister, to whom he is married.

Literary Consuls

Two recent appointments of literary men in the American consular service are those of Mr. James Edmund Dunning, author of *The Master Builders*, who has been made our consul at Havre, and of Mr. Francis Miltoun, who has been selected to represent the United States in a like capacity at Toulon. Mr. Dunning was for some time the consul at Milan, and the change from the Italian to the French city was in the nature of a promotion. Mr. Miltoun has been for years a resident of the south of France. He is the author of a number of books of French travel, all illustrated by his wife, who was Blanche McManus. One of his recent books, *Mosques and Minarets*,

UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS — MEREDITH NICHOLSON

This portrait of the author of *The Lords of High Decision* was taken in a canoe on the waters of the upper Penobscot. Others in the party are Joe, the Indian guide, and Elder, the University of Pennsylvania athlete, both of whom are mentioned in Mr. Nicholson's dedication

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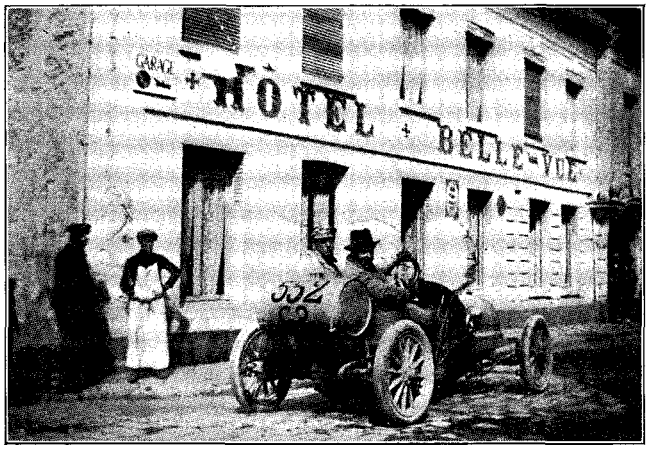

UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS FRANCIS MILTOUN

dealing with Algiers and Tunisia, brought him the recognition of being decorated by the Bey of Tunis and made an Officer of the Nicham Iftikhar, the Bey's own order.

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Dreams of Piracy

Among the day dreams of an American boy depicted in Mr. W. W. Denslow's recently published *When I Grow Up,* is a series of verse and pictures telling of the small boy who wants to become a pirate. Three of the stanzas run as follows:

Said John: "I'd sailed the Spanish Main,
The Master of the Seas,
And hide my loot in coral caves
Among the Caribbees.

"We'd board the ship with pike and gun;
We'd show the crew no quarter—
Except in case there was on board
The Captain's handsome daughter.

"Then if she'd ask their worthless lives,
We'd grant it, if they would
Salute at once the pirate flag
And promise to be good."

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À propos of these verses it is worth while mentioning that Mr. Denslow, who,

UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

This portrait of Mr. Le Gallienne is taken in his shack near East Aurora. He is writing a new version of *Orestes* for William Faversham and Walter Damrosch

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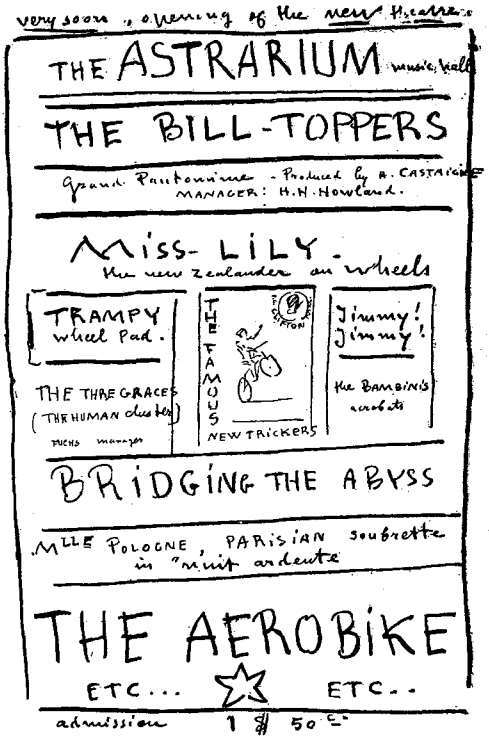
bv the way, was the illustrator of *The Wizard of Oz,* has made a very sound study of Piracy. He began this study some years ago when he was writing and illustrating a modern fairy story in which several of the characters were pirates of historic times. Although there are many references in history to the old buccaneering crew it was no easy matter to obtain really authentic descriptions of Captain Kidd, Bluebeard, Long John Silver and the rest. Mr. Denslow ransacked New York bookshops, haunted book auctions, and went to the libraries of collectors, seeking the rare old out-of-print narratives. Some volumes on the subject were obtained from the famous London shops like that of Quaritch, and some were found in the once pirate-infested Bermudas and Barbados. The accompanying unconventional portrait shows him in Bermuda, where he has passed considerable time.

UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS W. L. DENSLOW



A poster for Mr. Castaigne's *The Bill Toppers* which was inadvertently reviewed last month as *The Top-Liners*

We are a little puzzled as to just what a "low-necked hack" is, but we feel that we are able to offer it as a contribution to the language, because for more definite information we can always refer our readers to Mr. William Allen White, or to the editor of the Kansas City *Times.* During the past year the author of *What's the Matter with Kansas* and, incidentally, *A Certain Rich Man* has been discovering various parts of Europe. Quite naturally upon his return to Emporia he was received in a manner in keeping with his greatness and popularity. A fine procession waited at the railway station bearing banners, carrying such mottoes as:

The "Low-Necked Hack"

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IN OUR TOWN ONCE AGAIN
THE REAL ISSUE
THE HOMECOMING OF COLONEL HUCKS. REVISED VERSION.
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH KANSAS? HEY? BILL?
WELCOME TO OUR CITY.

The Emporia correspondents of the Kansas City *Times* went on to say that "the White family were not allowed an extended greeting by their friends at the station, but were hurried to a low-necked hack, and headed by a band and followed by many vehicles and scores of people on foot, they were driven to a small park with a band-stand attachment not far away." Who sayeth that a prophet is not without honour in his own country?

Dickens as an Editor

When Lord Northcliffe was in this country a few months ago he said that he regarded Charles Dickens as the best magazine editor of his or any time. "Dickens," in the words of the man probably better known as Alfred Harmsworth, "had initiation in looking ahead and ordering the suitable contribution. He knew exactly what man to commission, and think of the brilliant men he produced! George Augustus Sala, for instance. Was there ever a better general and descriptive writer? I consider," Lord Northcliffe went on to say, "Sala's 'Journey Due North,' which appeared in Dickens's *Household Words* or in his other magazine, *All the year Round*—I forget which for the moment—the very best piece of travel writing I know. I believe Dickens discovered Wilkie Collins, the best of magazine serial writers." Northcliffe's admiration for Dickens is not greater than was that of the late Charles A. Dana. Mr. Dana's attitude toward fiction was what Kipling, in "A Matter of Fact," described as the "journalist's full-blooded disgust for the illegitimate branch of his profession." So wishing to express himself enthusiastically, he characterised Dickens as "the greatest newspaper reporter that ever lived."

As a matter of fact, the story of Dickens's ambitions is more the story of his magazine projects than of his books. From the very moment that he became a

UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

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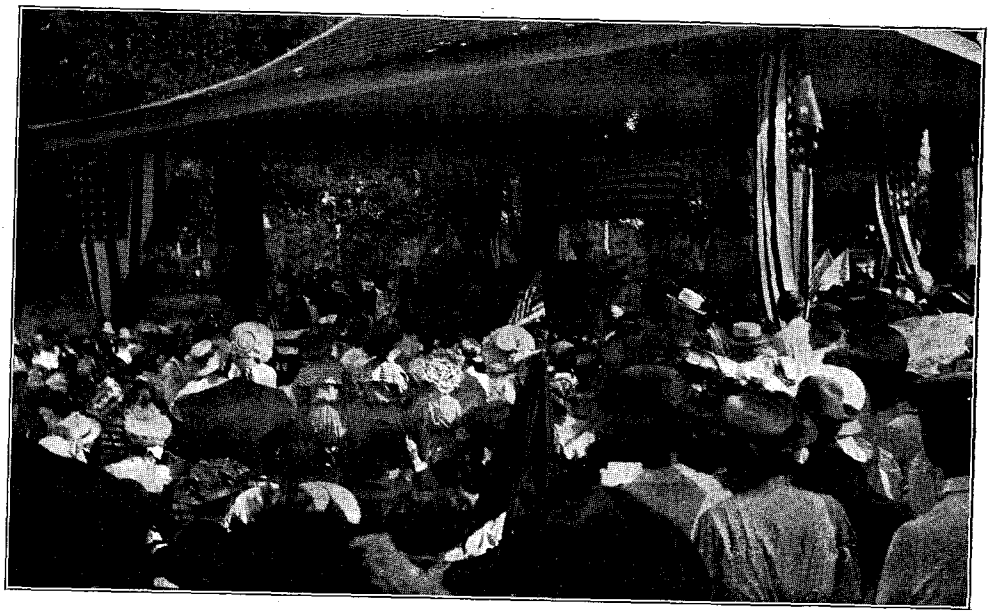

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE RETURNS TO KANSAS

MR. WHITE EXPRESSES HIS APPRECIATION

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE RETURNS TO KANSAS

WAITING AT THE STATION

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JOPLIN
EXTRA NEWS HERALD EXTRA
THE ONLY JOPLIN NEWSPAPER WITH THE ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY DISPATCHES
THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR. NO. 150 JOPLIN, MISSOURI, AUGUST 27, 1909.—FRIDAY AFTERNOON. PRICE, TWO CENTS

WELCOME TO OUR HOME!

"First In War,
"First In Peace,
"First In the Hearts
of His Countrymen"

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

Back to Empory
With All His Glory;
Back to His Busted
Garden Hose

"A Certain Rich Man"

Built On the Heavier-Than-Air Plan May Want to Know

"What's the Matter With Kansas"

He'll Never Know While He Hands Us So Cheerfully

"The Real Issue"

For Though We Have Missed You, Please Don't Forget

"The Old Order Changeth"

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE RETURNS TO KANSAS — A PROPHET NOT WITHOUT HONOUR

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LIGHTNING KIPLING CARICATURE

great personage, with the publication of *The Pickwick Papers* and *Nicholas Nickleby,* his mind was constantly turning over schemes that would place him in an editorial chair. In a letter to Forster, written in July, 1839, he drew an elaborate plan for a periodical to be launched under his direction, and to which he was to be the leading contributor. The idea did not take the form he wished at that time, but six years later the desire was just as strong with him and he was talking of a weekly, "price three pence, if possible; partly original, partly select; notices of books, notices of theatres, notices of all good things, notices of all bad ones; Carol philosophy, cheerful views, sharp anatomisation of humbug, jolly good temper; papers always in season, pat to the time of year; and a vein of glowing, hearty, generous, mirthful, beaming in everything to Home and Fireside," to be called *The Cricket.*

But it was in 1849 that the old notion, which had agitated him so long, actually took form. Dickens knew not only that he wanted a periodical, but he knew very definitely what he wanted in it. He believed there should always be a subject. "For example, a history of Piracy; in connection with which there is a vast deal of extraordinary romantic and almost unknown matter. A history of Knight-Errantry, and the wild, old notions of the Sangreal. A history of Savages, showing the singular respects in which all savages are like each other, and those in which civilised men, under circumstances of difficulty, soonest become savages. A history of remarkable characters, good and bad, in history, to assist the reader's judgment in his observation of men, and in his estimates of the truth of many characters in fiction." This idea was considerably modified, and at the end of 1849, a general announcement of the enterprise was made. The title took some time. One of the first thought of has now the curious interest of having foreshadowed, by the motto proposed to accompany it, the title of the series *All the Year Round,* which Dickens was led to substitute for the older series in 1859. This was *The Robin,* with the motto from Goldsmith: "The redbreast, celebrated for its affection to mankind, continues with us the year round." The next title suggested was *Mankind.* Then came *The Household Voice, The Household Guest, The Household Face, The Comrade, The Microscope, The Highway of Life, The Lever, The Rolling Years, The Holly Tree, Everything,* and finally, *Household Words.*

Caricaturing Kipling

Of all men of letters Rudyard Kipling is the easiest to caricature. There are a number of other writers whose features are tempting to the professional cartoonist, but a child, without any special talent for drawing, can produce, in sixty seconds, a sketch of the Anglo-Indian that will be passable and quite easy to recognise. It is simply a matter of drawing a circle, blackening the upper part, pencilling a heavy bar just below, putting in two ovals, and adding a black scratch. And the easiest way is to do the drawing upside down.

Anecdotes and Impressions

There are very few, if any, English-writing journalists better qualified to write about Paris and its life—above all its literary and journalistic life—than Mr. Robert H. Sherard, whose latest book, *My Friends the French,* has just been brought out in England. During the first year or two after the establishment of this magazine Mr. Sherard wrote for us our Paris Letter. At the time of the Dreyfus excitement he was one of the most conspicuous of all the English journalists in the French capital. His opinions, and the opinions of Mr. Rowland Strong, correspondent of the *London Times,* were frequently

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quoted in the American newspapers. In that affair Mr. Sherard was more than a spectator; his long life in Paris and the natural likes and dislikes that he had formed made him as much of a partisan as any one not actually a Frenchman could well be. Consequently it is of significance that while in the present book he alludes to the case of Captain Alfred Dreyfus he does so in the most guarded and superficial manner. In fact, the inference to be drawn is that the Affair is introduced for no other purpose than as a peg upon which to hang a tribute to his friend Jules Huret, the French journalist who made so favourable an impression in this country when he was here two or three years ago.

There is so much that is quotable in *My Friends the French* that it is quite useless to attempt anything like an adequate summing up of the book. It is all interesting, but some of the literary and journalistic anecdoes in particular attract attention. For example, Mr. Sherard tells us of the inspiration that led to the writing of *Quo Vadis*. Sienkiewicz told him that having gone to Africa to hunt he had fallen ill of fever, and while lying on the pallet in his tent, in the remote wilds of the dark continent, he had been forced to listen to the nightly roarings of the lions. These ominous sounds set him thinking of the arena in Rome and the Christian martyrs. It was in this way that the idea came to him to write a book on Nero, and *Quo Vadis* was the result. Besides being a novelist Henryk Sienkiewicz is the proprietor of the "Ursus" natural aerated water. It is called "Ursus" after the character in *Quo Vadis,* and the registered trademark is a representation of the Gothic Hercules. The spring was found on the estate which was presented to Sienkiewicz by a national subscription by the Poles, who felt great gratitude to him for showing that the Poles, after all, can do something else besides talk. Sienkiewicz, by the way, can write to his satisfaction only when using scarlet ink.

While the serial story is, if anything, more popular than ever as a newspaper feature in France, Mr. Sherard tells us that the remuneration of the writers of this kind of fiction is not as good as it used to be. That is because the editors find they can get very good fiction from foreign publishers. The payment for the translation rights of a good English, Russian, Italian or German novel would not amount to the twentieth part of the fee which would be demanded by one of the popular masters of the *feuilleton.* Formerly these fees were very large. Jules Mary used to receive thirty thousand francs for first serial use of one of his thrillers. That would represent about half of what the manuscript would produce; for after the tale had appeared in the paper the publishers who issue tales in ten centimes parts would pay him another twenty-five thousand francs for this use. D'Ennery, the author of *The Two Orphans,* received a franc and a half a line. One of his novels, *An Angel's Remorse,* brought him seventy thousand francs. But free trade in fiction, says Mr. Sherard, has injured the home manufacturers. The French publishers can get good translations for low sums. Hachette, whenever a large price is asked for an English novel, produces a receipt signed by Charles Dickens. It is for a sum of twenty pounds, and refers to a novel called *David Copperfield.*

The pathetic report that Edmond Rostand is "done for," "finished," lends a particular interest to the chapter on the author of *Cyrano de Bergerac.* Rostand has always been a severe critic of his own work, and has destroyed far more than he has published. When he has written something he puts it away in a drawer. Later when it comes under his hand by hazard he judges it, and if it is lacking in anything it is thrown into the fire. He has no method in his work, no regularity. It all depends on his state of health, and he is never very well. There are long periods when he writes nothing. When he does write it is usually in the evenings. Although before *Cyrano de Bergerac* he had written *Les Pierrots, Le Gant Rouge, Les Romanesques, La Princesse Lointaine,* and *La Samaritaine,* for years he had been carrying

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Cyrano in his head. Ever since he was at school in Paris and in his native town at Marseilles he had felt that there was a play to be written about the life of Cyrano de Bergerac, duelist, warrior, and author. But he had no action for the piece. He thought of Cyrano always, and read all that had been written about him and of course every line of his own works. Now and then he would write a few verses, a tirade or two, and put them away in a drawer. So when at last Rostand had found the plot of the action in which Cyrano was to move much of the play was ready.

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Yei Ozaki

Madam Yei Ozaki, whose *Warriors of Old Japan* is announced for publication this month, is the daughter of Baron Saburo Ozaki, a descendant of the Kyoto Samurai family, member of the House of Peers and a Privy Councillor. He was one of the first Japanese who went to England to study its language and institutions, and while there he was married to Miss Bathia Catherine Morrison, the daughter of William Morrison, who had been active in Japanese educational work. The marriage was not a happy one, and after five years of life together the husband and wife separated by mutual consent. Three daughters, of whom Yei Theodora was the second, remained in England with their mother and received a thorough English education.

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When she was sixteen years old Yei Theodora went to Japan to live with her father, Baron Ozaki. The picturesque ways of her Japanese home appealed to her artistic instinct, and the traditions and ideals of Japanese life at once claimed her for their own. But when her father undertook, according to Japanese custom, to select a husband for her, her English training gave her the courage to oppose his authority, an impossible situation in a Japanese family. So she decided to become independent, and her knowledge of English enabled her to get a position as teacher. Later she became the secretary of Mrs. Hugh Fraser, wife of the British Minister at Tokyo, and went with her to Italy. For a time she was engaged in literary work with Mrs. Fraser's brother, the late F. Marion Crawford, who first suggested that she should write and publish the stories of old Japan which she used to tell in his family circle. On her return to Japan she taught in one of the leading schools and had a class of two hundred young men and boys.

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In 1904 she became acquainted with Yukio Ozaki, the Mayor of Tokyo, who was not connected with her family, although the name was the same. Mr. Ozaki has had a brilliant political career. He has been a member of the Japanese Diet for twenty-five sessions, was formerly the Minister for Education, and has been Mayor of Tokyo for seven years, during which time that city has been governed marvellously well. It was a case of love at first sight between him and Yei Ozaki, and they were soon married. Since then her life has been varied and interesting. As she says: "One night I may dine at a State banquet with Cabinet Ministers and foreign Ambassadors, or with distinguished visitors like Mr. and Mrs. Taft, who recently visited this country; the next will find me with a purely Japanese party at the Maple Club. I assist at the Court functions, the Imperial wedding receptions; I act as a sponsor, or go-between, at Japanese marriage ceremonies; I see all the ins and outs of Japanese life. I seem to live in the heart of two distinct civilisations, those of the East and West, but the East is my spirit's fatherland.

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"The Runaway Place"

The Runaway Place is an amiable, slightly fanciful little story by Mr. W. P. Eaton, formerly dramatic critic for the New York *Sun*, and Miss Elise M. Underhill. It is always a pleasure to see a professional dramatic critic turn his hand to something else. After Mr. Eaton lost his position on the *Sun* last year, he published *The American Stage of Today*, which though quite worthy of its subject, proved, among other things,

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that, young as he was, he was well on his way to literary perdition. Fruit will not decently ripen on that particular tree, and in two years more he would have been either worm-eaten or a water-core. That seems to be the alternative for the stage as do not altogether deliquesce are apt, in default of æsthetic occupation, to warp into moral spinsterhood, strangely preoccupied with sex perils, detection of improprieties, and defence of the legally married against almost imper-

YEI OZAKI

American play-reviewers—insipidity or a moral canker. His tendency, to judge from *The American Stage of Today*, was toward the aqueous, though there is no knowing but that he might have dried up, had he staid on and found some holy horror to keep him crackling in his old age. For such of our veteran critics of ceptible attack. The stage critic's term of office in this country ought, we think, never to exceed two years, and even during that time his newspaper should permit him regularly to digress from his theme—summarise the usual play and name the players, then fill the gap which the play made in his intellect with any-

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thing that interests him, however irrelevant it may seem. It was evident from Mr. Eaton's critical writings that he was often constrained to try and think on annihilating themes.

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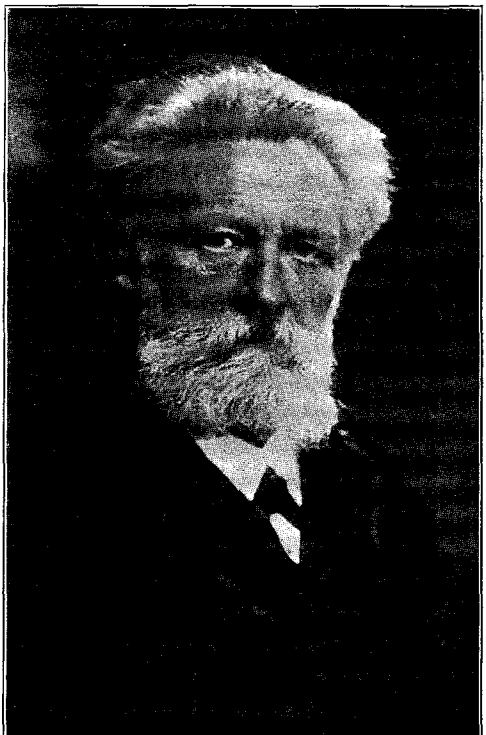
Now he is quit of that gloomy business and in *The Runaway Place* he may say what he likes. Whatever else may be said of the book, its two authors manifestly found pleasure in writing it, and though we personally cannot share the joy, we are, in a disinterested spirit, glad of the assurance that two people at any rate are made happy, and one of them a former play-reviewer. For the hero and heroine of the story apparently embody the ideals the respective authors cherish of themselves. They are each very sensitive, bookish, and Bostonian, and they go about New York getting all manner of half-melancholy, half-humorous, half-subtle, half-beautiful, tender and wistful glimpses—not of New York but of the two uncommonly fine little souls they carry with them. It is of the class of the quasi-whimsical and the quasi-fantastic. The young man and the maiden have the air of being very original, but they very closely resemble numberless characters in other books. There are fanciful episodes, fairy tales in Central Park, tender memories of childhood, bits of imaginative description, all somehow falling short of the spirit at which they aim. Nevertheless it marks in a way the convalescence of a dramatic critic.

ELSA BANKER

Author of *Mary of Magdala*



PROFESSOR RUDOLF EUCKEN

Author of *The Problem of Human Life*

❧

We wonder how many bookish young writers there are who mistake their literary memories for their fancies. There is apparently a market for books of this class. A really fantastic tale like Chesterton's *Napoleon of Notting Hill* was comparatively a failure, but a mixture of the Bowery and the *Arabian Nights* will do very handsomely. The larger public likes a tame memory set off

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as a wild dream. It will not, however, stand for anything that is essentially either dreamy or strange. If the characters of *The Runaway Place* had ever passed through the imaginative childhood to which they refer, if they ever really did dream in Central Park, if each of them actually had a soul instead of that book-made nucleus, there might be small chance for the book—at least until many years had passed; but as it is we see no reason why it should not succeed immediately. There are lessons in it for the "chosen few." Here is one on what to read:

If any others have followed me thus far, I am very sorry, but I must ask them to turn back. I am going to shut the door of my castle—my library—and talk soberly with the chosen few.

I shall not be long, my friends (for I may call you friends, though you are to me but shadows?). Truly sober talks are never long. A few words, the bold outline sketch of a mood, and all is accomplished. The mind of the auditor leaps forth to clothe and colour the skeleton, and the two, speaker and listener, sit silent before the finished work.

It is a House of Life we would create to be happy; in our imaginations, since we cannot buy such in the New York real estate market (that we cannot buy *any* houses in the real estate market does not alter the case!). But each of us must be his own Rossetti, for each desires something other than the rest in the

RALPH WALDO EMERSON,
From an hitherto unpublished portrait

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AMBROSE BIERCE

adornment of the façade, the arch of the windows, the furnishing of the rooms, the height of the chamber. Don't build with too much fiction. There is more solidity of foundation in the mastery of an intellectual idea; hence more pleasure in contemplating the completed edifice. Read a great work of science at least once every six months; it will take you two months to do it. James's *Varieties of Religious Experience* is good. So are Martineau's sermons, and with them you build solid and carve sweet, solemn images over the door as well. Adorn your walls with wonderful water-colour gems of the Elizabethan lyric poets, to sing to you as you pass from room to room; and in the spacious dining-room, where you go to grow, let Shelley or Isaiah or Shakespeare or Carducci paint you a fresco, as you choose. It were well, too, to have Heine's sardonic smile on the landing, to keep fermenting deep in your nature a due sense of humour.

Priggish, of course; not a glimmer in that owlish young eye; but of such is the kingdom of "Culture," and who shall say it is a whit worse than that to which we are accustomed from men full of honours and more than twice his age?

Three instances of the prophetic powers of Mr. Ambrose Bierce are cited in the preface to his new volume, *The Shadow on the Dial and Other Essays.*

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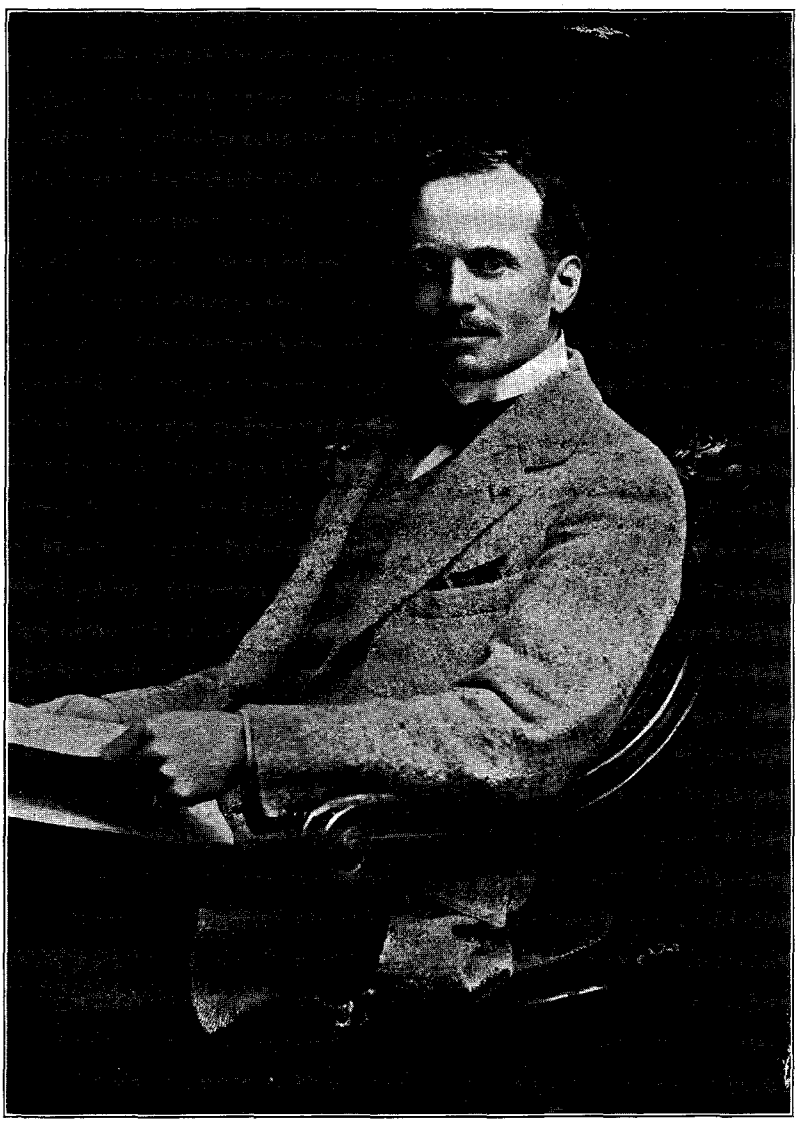

HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL

Author of *The Paladins*

An Odd Preface

The writer of the preface, Mr. S. O. Howes, seems anxious that Mr. Bierce should receive full credit for them. We therefore add our little, in a friendly spirit, to their publicity. In the first place, President Hadley was not the earliest to advise the social ostracism of the wicked millionaire. President Hadley's address on that subject was dated January 8, 1900; whereas Mr. Bierce wrote in *The Examiner* of January 20, 1895, that "We are plundered because we have no particular aversion to plunderers. . . . If notorious rascality entailed social outlawry the only rascals would be those properly—and proudly—belonging to the 'criminal class.'" Again Mr. Edwin Markham has, it seems, been generally

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credited with the advocacy of the Golden Rule as a cure for industrial evils, but on March 25, 1894, Mr. Bierce anticipated him by actually quoting the Golden Rule as the only means of averting "want and strife" or restoring "peace and plenty." And finally the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, who for seven days published just such a newspaper as he thought Christ would have edited, was forestalled by these words of Mr. Bierce written on June 28, 1896—"That is, my ultimate and determining test of right—'What, under the circumstances, would Christ have done?' —the Christ of the New Testament, not the Christ of the commentators, theologians, priests and parsons." The writer adds that he is sure "Mr. Bierce does not begrudge any of these gentlemen the acclaim they have received." So are we, and what is more we believe Mr. Bierce would modestly decline any special honours on account of them. For the omission of these three thoughts from print would seem to him the strangest of accidents; and if there were any glory in thinking them he would as a staunch democrat share it with us other prophets, of whom there are several millions, and who if we never actually wrote them down have slept with them off and on all through our lives. Let there be full credit to Mr. Bierce for these three sentiments, but equal honour to the host of writers throughout the world who forgot to mention them.

JUDGE HENRY A. SCHUTE
Author of *Farming It*

❧

It will be remembered that the wonder awakened by President Hadley's famous remark was caused merely by the fact that it was made by a college president. Young as the country was, it was well versed in all such adages. But it did seem a bold and dashing thought for a college president. The standard of college presidents is not that of other men; it is more nearly that set by Pericles for women. It is not desired that they shall stir the public thought or divide the minds of citizens. The moral and intellectual caution demanded of them in the public gaze has always been enormous. A humanly applicable remark is a presidential indecency. In contrast to the wild turbulence of the home, where Christian sentiments may be rudely noised and the Ten Commandments flung about without regard to whom they injure, the American citizen has ever turned to the college presidential platform as to the centre of repose. No tampering with conscience from that quarter, at all events; no personal applications; no shock from collision with a mind in motion. Hence it was most nat-

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E. B. DEWING
Author of *Other People's Houses*

ural when President Hadley applied a principle of the Bible to human affairs that a thousand editorial writers should begin writing passionately at once and that many of us should exclaim, The daredevil! Privately he would have seemed quite tame and dull; presidentially he was a madcap. And so of the Rev. Mr. Sheldon's newspaper experiment—to do as Christ would do was not an unknown counsel, but to print a newspaper, with no other qualification than that pious wish, seemed somewhat novel. The country was interested in seeing how far sheer goodness would go when there were no brains behind it. It was one of those Kansas simplicities which have charmed us by the faith they show in the magic power of a single thought in an otherwise deserted intellect. It illustrates the spirit which has recently impelled Mr. William Allen White to write as follows from Paris, the capital of Lesser Kansas, to Emporia, a city in Greater France:

Kansas is indeed the France of America, and France is the Kansas of Europe. France is volatile as we are, but always progressive. France is emotional, as we are, but always sincere. France is gay, as we are, but never to be fooled or cheated long. France is a land of ideals, as we are, but always too shrewd to dream of the impossible. France is brave, as we are, and always willing to sacrifice the material for the spiritual; though she does not grasp the shadow and let the substance go. She and we are practical idealists. We have visions that will work, and are willing to whip the man who doubts their practicability. In many things France is leading Europe. The same sky and wind and temperate climate that makes men nervous and hopeful and happy and effective in the Old World is making

ALICE SUTCLIFFE
Author of *Robert Fulton and the Clermont*

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ALICE DUER MILLER
Author of *Less Than Kin*

the same kind of men, tempered by a steadier blood, in the New World. So we have France and Kansas—always ready for whatever revolution Providence may have in store; always cheerful, always at work, always enjoying the visions of youth, always fighting to make her dreams come true.

Mr. Bierce's War Club

The preface-writer's selections from Mr. Bierce's text are in no wise characteristic of *The Shadow on the Dial and Other Essays*. Contempt, not prophecy, has always been Mr. Bierce's strong point, and it is the animating spirit of these very slashing papers. To offset that preface, let us quote him as he really is, a hater of his country and a scourge of that utterly unconscious being, the Usual Man:

> Life in civilised countries is so complex that men there have more ways to be good than savages have, and more to be bad; more to be happy, and more to be miserable. And in each way to be good or bad, their generally superior knowledge—their knowledge of most things—enables them to commit greater excesses than the savage could with the same opportunity. The civilised philanthropist wreaks upon his fellow-creatures a ranker philanthropy, the

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civilised scoundrel a sturdier rascality. And —splendid triumph of enlightenment!—the two characters are, in civilisation, commonly combined in one person.

* * * * *

I have long held the opinion that patriotism is one of the most abominable vices affecting the human understanding. . . . The hoodlum who cuts the tail from a Chinaman's nowl, and would cut the nowl from the body if he dared, is simply a patriot with a logical mind, having the courage of his opinions. Patriotism is fierce as a fever, pitiless as the grave, blind as a stone and irrational as a headless hen.

* * * * *

The English are undoubtedly our intellectual superiors; and as the virtues are solely the product of education—a rogue being only a dunce considered from another point of view—they are our moral superiors likewise. Why should they not be? It is a land not of log and pine-board schoolhouses grudgingly erected and containing schools supported by such niggardly tax levies as a sparse and hard-handed population will consent to pay, but of ancient institutions splendidly endowed by the State and by centuries of private benefaction.

* * * * *

Ours is a civilisation that might be heard from afar in space as a scolding and a riot; a civilisation in which the race has so differentiated as to have no longer a community of interest and feeling; which shows as a ripe result of the principles underlying it a reasonless and rascally feud between rich and poor; in which one is offered a choice (if one have the means to take it) between American plutocracy and European militocracy, with an imminent chance of renouncing either for a stultocratic republic with a headsman in the presidential chair and every laundress in exile.

* * * * *

My allegiance to republican institutions is slack through lack of faith in them as a practical system of governing men as men are. All the same, I will call no man "Your Majesty" nor "Your Lordship." For me to meet in my own country a king or a nobleman would require as much preliminary negotiation as an official interview between the Mufti of Moosh and the Ahkoond of Swat. The form of salutation and the style and title of address would have to be settled definitively and with precision. With some of my most esteemed and patriotic friends the matter is more simple; their generosity in concession fills me with admiration, and their forbearance in exaction challenges my astonishment as one of the seven wonders of American hospitality. In fancy I see the ceremony of their "presentation," and as examples of simple republican dignity I commend their posture to the youth of this fair New World, inviting particular attention to the grand, bold curves of character shown in the outlines of the Human Ham.

❧

Anger is an excellent literary motive and the country needs a drubbing—always did; but somehow these wrathful passages seem to have no natural glow—only the steam heat of journalism.

❧

F. R. Burton

The ambitious and serious study of American Indian Songs, by Frederick R. Burton, about to be issued by Moffat, Yard and Company, is an interesting example of the type of book that occasionally manages to get itself written and published in spite of handicaps that recur with the dull persistence of an obstacle race. For, curiously enough, it is written by a man who began with an avowed disbelief that any good thing could come out of an Indian; and later, when he had become an enthusiastic convert, found himself in a position where he could ill afford a single hour of the time he stole from more urgent work. Mr. Burton has always believed that the medium through which he might make his best gift to the world is that of musical composition; and the special form which his ambition took was a cantata based on the story of Hiawatha. "It is a family tradition," he says, "that at the age of seven I read "Hiawatha" and expressed the conviction that it was a great poem. While at Harvard I conceived the ambition of writing music for "Hiawatha," and a part of my thesis for honours was a setting of the legend of Wabun for tenor voice, violin and pianoforte, which was performed as a feature of the Glee Club concert at Sanders Theatre in 1882. That was the beginning of my cantata, although the music composed while I was in college does not appear in the work as finally published sixteen years later. During all that period I clung to my dream of a cantata, although

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there were many years when it seemed absurdly unrealisable, for I was a newspaper man, moving from city to city, country to country, always in a spirit of resentment because circumstances compelled me to sacrifice the doing of that which I believed to be my best work.

Finally, in 1898, the cantata was completed and performed by a choral society which Mr. Burton had organised and trained in the city of Yonkers, where he then resided. Since then it has been sung frequently in all parts of the country. Mr. Burton himself gives the following account of the way in which this music led to his first acquaintance with the American Indian.

While finishing this music I made a study of what was then known of Indian songs, in the hope of getting characteristic thematic material. I used in the work only one native theme, and that for grotesque effect, as I was then convinced that Indian music had no art value. Two years after the publication of the cantata I was invited to use the music in connection with the Indian play of the same name. I was almost offended by the suggestion, for to me the Indian was a dull savage and his music intolerable. However, I looked into the matter, heard the Ojibways who act in the play sing some of their songs, and immediately perceived a great artistic opportunity. The opportunity was never wholly worked out, owing to lack of sufficient capital, but incidentally I did gather a collection of Ojibway songs and pick up facts concerning Indians and their songs that had never before been suspected.

Lack of money induced Mr. Burton to attempt to earn enough for a living and the continuance of his research by putting his results before the public in the form of entertainments. He toured some portions of the country with a party of Indians, giving scenes from the play of *Hiawatha,* his own part of the enterprise consisting in posing as a kind of Greek chorus, translating and explaining what the Indians did, and singing their songs after them with harmonised accompaniments.

Nothing short of a book could give a correct idea of the struggle involved in that undertaking. It succeeded sufficiently to convince me that by two or three years' devotion to the entertainment business I could earn enough to complete my researches and embody some of the results in a symphony; but I made the fatal mistake of believing that financial returns would be greater in Europe than in America. I took a party of forty Indians to Europe and fought a losing fight with them for a year. At last, having arrived at an impasse, I contrived to send the Indians to their homes and sat down in London to earn my own way back, and pay the huge debt that had accumulated.

Through the laconic brevity of Mr. Burton's own account of this fiasco, one gets glimpses of fantastic and bizarre adventures, of almost *opéra-bouffes* absurdity, if there were not behind them the strength of a dogged persistence, striving stubbornly onward toward a definite goal. The problem of housing and feeding two score stolid redskins, conveying them back and forth across the English Channel, and up and down the railways and canals of Holland and Belgium; feasting at Amsterdam, stranded at Antwerp, and adding to financial embarrassment the further anxiety of rescuing his braves from matrimonial entanglements with over-susceptible Dutch maidens, is scarcely compatible with the tranquillity supposed to be demanded by the artistic temperament. Nevertheless, the book on Indian songs was all the time quietly getting itself written, as also were certain episodes of Indian life, since embodied in Mr. Burton's novel of *Redcloud.*

The Indian had cost me so heavily that at that time I was firmly resolved to have nothing more to do with him; but presently along came an offer to write a novel on the basis of *Strongheart,* an offer due wholly to my knowledge of Indian life and character, and as it was the best opportunity at hand for the mending of shattered fortunes, I accepted it. The result was a slight but perceptible demand for more of the same, and accordingly I finished the novel begun in London. Then I decided to get all Indian matter out of my system and arranged for the publication of what I know and think about Indian music. And when that volume is on the market, I shall once more swear never again to write anything that has to do with Indians.

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THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX

E have cut short our vacation in response to a hurry-call from the Junior Editor, who sent us word that the Letter Box—he meant the actual wooden box which holds the letters—was so stuffed with missives as to make it necessary for something to be done. Therefore, we have returned to relieve the plethora a bit, after which we shall once more retire into the peaceful country.

I

The following letter has come to us from Portland, Oregon:

In the August number of your magazine is an article entitled "The Human Side of Tennyson," signed by Harry Thurston Peck. In it there is a story about a conversation between Tennyson and Longfellow, and it is stated that Longfellow was offended by Tennyson's coarseness of language. Also it is said that Tennyson apologised to Longfellow in a private letter. Now, I am a great reader of literary history and I have never come upon this story before. I should like to ask on what authority it was told and where I can find a record of it.

We are afraid that you cannot find a record of it. It may perhaps occur to you that there must always be a first time for the publication of every anecdote, and that novel facts are continually finding their way to light. Otherwise literature would be nothing but a perpetual regrinding of old material. As to the particular story in question, we have conferred with Professor Peck. He informs us that it was told by Longfellow to James Russell Lowell, who saw the private letter of apology. Mr. Lowell repeated the story to a very well-known man of letters now living, who in turn repeated it to Professor Peck several years ago. This matter of Tennyson's coarseness has very seldom been touched upon; but those who knew the poet and who saw much of him were very well aware of it. We would refer our correspondent to the *Reminiscences* of Professor Max Müller for some striking instances.

Since the publication of the paper in our August number, Professor Peck has received a very interesting letter from an English lady who, as a young girl, lived near the Tennyson family and was a playmate of Hallam Tennyson, the present Baron. The letter is a personal one and, therefore, cannot be fully quoted here; but some parts of it deserve to be recorded as throwing still more light upon the idiosyncrasies of the Laureate. Thus, for example, the writer says that she and her companions were always much more impressed by the roughness and rude manners of Tennyson than by his genius. On one occasion, while Lady Tennyson was entertaining guests, the poet stalked into the drawing-room, and after pulling up one of his trouser-legs, began to scratch himself. Having finished, he stamped both feet upon the floor and, looking around upon the astonished company, remarked with a grunt of satisfaction:

"I do *so* love to *scratch!*"

Tennyson's egoism showed itself in his inordinate fondness for reading his own poetry aloud to any one and every one who would listen to him. There is a story of his having been invited by the Princess of Wales to be her guest on the royal yacht. A sister of the Princess, the Czarina of Russia, was also one of the party. Tennyson was much overcome by the high rank of the two royal and imperial ladies and could do nothing but fidget about, except when they asked him to read aloud to them; whereupon he would take out a volume of his works and declaim by the hour, gesticulating and now and then moving backward and forward from sheer joy at the sound of his own words. This was all very well for a while; but after a time the Czarina tried to get him away from his poetry and into general conversation. Then the Laureate grew very awkward. He felt that he must bow to each of the royalties whenever he replied to one of them, and he became badly tangled in his effort to address them with the proper forms of

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speech. Finally, the Czarina, who was then a rather lively girl and was tired of so much etiquette, hinted that the poet need not concern himself so much with forms.

"But how then, Madam—that is to say, your Imperial Highness—am I to address you?" stammered Tennyson.

"Oh," returned the Czarina with a little *moue,* "just call us Minnie and Alick!"

II

A reader of THE BOOKMAN asks us to give him the source of that quotation so dear to the heart of the late President Cleveland: "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." In reply we would say that this oft-quoted line is from a poem entitled "What Rules the World," written by William Ross Wallace, a native of Kentucky, who died in New York City in 1881. The stanza which has become a sort of classic runs as follows:

They say that man is mighty,
He governs land and sea,
He wields a mighty sceptre
O'er lesser powers that be;
But a mightier power and stronger
Man from his throne has hurled,
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

III

A firm in Baltimore asks this question:

Can you answer the following query for us? On page 528 in the book *Lady Mary Wortley Montagu* is the following wording:

"Another early visitor was Mrs. Edward Montagu, the Blue Stocking"; and we want to know if she could have been called "The Queen of the Blue Stockings" and what the expression "Blue Stocking" means.

The reference is to a sort of club or *salon* of literary women living in London, who, in the eighteenth century, met at the houses of Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Vesey and other ladies. They tried to live up to the doctrine of plain living and high thinking and wore extremely simple clothes. Men were admitted, and one of these, Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet, always wore blue hose. From this fact the club got the nickname of "The Bluestocking Club," and the name "Bluestocking" came to mean a pedantic woman. The word is a translation of the French *bas bleu,* used with a like signification. Mrs. Montagu might very well have been called "The Queen of the Bluestockings" from her prominence among them.

IV

The following letter sent us by a lady in this city, is one of considerable literary interest. We never saw the book in question, but we give out this letter for the benefit of those who are interested in the curiosities of literature, and in coincidences.

In looking over a list of books, published in 1904 by Longmans, Green and Company, I found one mentioned as *The Inner Shrine,* by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. It seemed strange that a book of the same title as the present "best seller" should be in existence, and no one apparently being aware of it. Please enlighten me. Has the old been resuscitated, or are there really two of the same title?

V

Our pugnacious critic in Bridgeport, Connecticut, who signs himself or herself "A. P.," has sent us a whole page in which are gathered up a number of typographical errors collected from THE BOOKMAN. We cannot find the space for the whole letter, so that we will admit right here that several of the errors are pretty bad ones, not to say ludicrous. We shall hope to be more careful in the future. But, having said this, we print the last paragraph of the letter, which shows, that, after all, our critic is chastising us wholly for our own good and without any actual malice.

You have a great magazine—with all its faults I love it still!—but you might have a greater if you would either discharge your Irish compositors, or get a competent proofreader.

VI

Some time ago Mr. Soap O'Loughlin, in asking us a question, incidentally begged us not to "turn the wulket." We replied mildly that we did not know exactly what the wulket was, but that otherwise we

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should be tempted to turn it just for the sake of the experience. Now comes a second letter from Mr. Soap. He says:

DEAR BOOKMAN:

The ignorance you displayed in answering my last question startled me so much that I have just recovered. Don't you really know what "turning the wulket" means? It is very good Gaelic and is the same as the Sassenach "turning a somersault."

If you'll drop in at my place some day—I live down Mushtong way—we'll talk it over and, if agreeable to you, smile the afternoon away. I have one cow already.

We admit at once that we don't know any Gaelic; but it does seem to us as though a wulket ought to be something more remarkable than a somersault. As it isn't, there is no temptation for us to turn it.

With regard to the pleasant little invitation which Mr. Soap has given us, we accept with alacrity; only—and here we show our ignorance again—we don't know exactly where Mushtong is. "Down Mushtong way" sounds pleasing and swampy; but really it isn't a very definite direction—is it?

VII

A gentleman writing us from Belmar, New Jersey, makes some general philosophical remarks; but the following paragraphs contain all that need be quoted:

In the issue for June, after the Inferno, you have a sentence that ends like this—"and whether we actually pulled off our plot against him."

Now, I may be particularly dense, but I cannot, for some reason or other, see where the expression "pulled off our plot" is in any way superior to some of the other expressions in the Inferno.

The expression is by no means elegant, we admit; and yet it is better than those which we place in the Inferno. It is a bit of the colloquial English of England. It is not tinsel language. Perhaps it is too colloquial and, therefore, offended our correspondent; in which case we desire to express a mild regret.

VIII

Not altogether unlike the preceding criticisms is the following which comes from a jovial soul in Buffalo, New York:

TO THE SENIOR EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

Oh, Thou Fountain of Wisdom and Supreme Judge of All Things Infernal! Kindly place your Junior Editor's "machine" in your Inferno and give him a motor car or an automobile and we will accept your apology.

Infernally yours, J. S.

Yes, thank you, I will have a Scotch and soda.

We are properly rebuked for meddling with technical terms in discussing the amusements of the Junior Editor. Some years ago when he was addicted to the royal game, we used to speak of his "golf-sticks," whereas strictly it should have been "golf clubs," or, at any rate, so we have been informed. But things like this do not belong in the Inferno.

IX

The following question has come to us from a subscriber in Springfield, Massachusetts:

Could you kindly tell me whether there is any special story connected with the death of James Russell Lowell? I have heard allusions made to some such fact and yet I do not know whether there is anything in the matter or not. I have searched the various biographies of Lowell in vain for information.

Our correspondent has probably heard something about a circumstance which has often been mentioned in conversation, but which, so far as we know, has never before appeared in print. Inasmuch as it throws some light upon educationists and their ways it deserves to be recorded. A certain Harvard professor, a former colleague of Lowell, had in 1891 anticipated some of the vagaries of the New Thought, so far as concerns the bringing up of children. This person held that children should not be restrained or punished or rebuked in any way, and he carried out his theories in the management of his own household, or rather in his lack of management. Naturally his children became the most unmitigated of imps. One cool day, toward evening,

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Mr. Lowell was walking past the house of the professor in question, when the children pointed a large garden hose at him and drenched him from head to foot. It was their playful and cute little fashion of enjoying themselves without reference to any one's convenience or comfort or with the respect due to a gentleman of so much distinction as was Mr. Lowell. This was in 1891, when the poet, essayist and critic had passed his eighty-third year and was by no means vigorous in health. He made his way slowly homeward, dripping with water and experiencing the beginning of a chill which was destined not to leave him through the short time which remained to him of life. This is probably the story to which our correspondent alludes. Even now it has power to stir one's indignation and to make one's fingers quiver with eagerness to lay hold of a good stout whip which, when the last word is said, is the best possible antidote in the world for Brats and Brattishness.

X

A caustic letter has reached us from Syracuse, New York.

To the Editor of the Letter Box:

In your July number you have the assurance to write this sentence: "We are the Letter Box, in splendid isolation, conveying the *fine fleur, the quinta essentia,* the pure milk of the word in English usage as it is found, not among the 'educated,' who are often cruder than peasants, but among the Cultivated, the Enlightened, the Remnant, the Very Few." I should say that you are the "Acme of Arrogance and the Quintessence of Conceit. I have been reading your Inferno and I should like to ask who set you up to tell the world what is right and what is wrong in English usage. Have you anything to support you in these matters except your own self-esteem?"

What we wrote did probably seem a little arrogant, but we cannot always stop to explain everything that we say. So far as we are individually concerned, we are not arrogant at all. We do not assert that one thing is right and that another thing is wrong just because the first happens to please us and the second to displease us. That would really be the madness of individualism and the height of presumption. All that we claim for ourselves is that we observe with the utmost care the usages of cultivated men and women everywhere. Not an inflection, nor a shading, nor a tone, nor an accent, nor the slightest *nuance* ever escapes our notice, any more than does a speaker's choice of words or the manner in which his sentences are framed. Now this whole question of English is, of course, a question of usage and not one for arbitrary treatment. The right people not only do the right things, but they use the right language and they employ the right pronunciation. Whenever we find an individual who is in all other respects *totus, teres atque rotundus,* it is perfectly certain that he is the same in his mode of speech. He is more than educated. He is cultivated. It is the result of our observations that we embody in making up the Inferno from time to time and in answering questions on the subject of the English language. All of which reminds us to set forth a revised list of the words and pronunciations that one ought not to use.

THE BOOKMAN'S INFERNO

"Along these lines."
"Ar*is*'tocratic."
"Auto*mo*'bile."
"Balance of—" (except in commercial language).
"Brainy."
"Bright" (for "clever" or "brilliant").
"By leaps and bounds."
"Clubman."
"Dandy" (as an adjective).
"Elegant" (for "good," "agreeable").
"Enthuse."
"Exclusive" (as a social term).
"Exqu*is*'ite"
"Fictionist."
"Genteel."
"Gentlemanly."
"He (she, it) struck a new note."
"In'quiry."
"In touch with" (except as a technical term in military or naval discourse).
"Locate" (as an intransitive verb).
"Lunch."
***Ly*'ceum."**
"*Mu*'seum."

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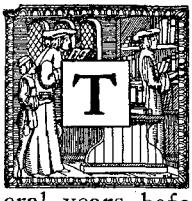
"Nom de plume."
"Output" (except in commercial language).
"Ovation."
"Parlour."
"'Phone," for "telephone," either as noun or verb.
"Pleased to meet you."
"Prince Albert coat."
"Residential district."
"Resort" (as a noun).
"School-teacher."
"Silk hat."
"Smart" (for "clever").
"Social standing."
"Storiette."
"Stylish."
"Sur le tapis."
"The Four Hundred."
"The story grips the reader."
"Thinker."
"Under the auspices of—"
"Up to date."
"Very sick man."
"Vest."
"Well-posted."

HOW THE GAME IS PLAYED



THERE'S nothing like making the most of an idea.

A writer generally begins by writing jokes. He may go on writing these jokes for several years before he realises that each joke can be amplified into a five hundred word sketch with very little trouble, but when the realisation comes, if he has anything like a wife and family he gets busy.

It is not long before he makes another discovery—that a five hundred word sketch may easily be expanded into one of a couple of thousand words by introducing a little atmosphere and local colour. But it is still sketchy, and the big magazines would never take so slight a thing.

Let us suppose that the writer has hit on the original idea of a young man being in love with a girl and hated by her rich father—it's a good idea and up to date only eight hundred thousand stories have been founded on it, and there are more than a million yet to be written by writers yet unborn (and to be read by many of us who are already in the flesh).

For old line mazagine use make the hero introspective. Let us know what he thought when he heard from the tyrannical old father (whose life you have sketched in a couple of thousand easily found words) that he could not aspire to the hand of his daughter (over whom you have rhapsodised for a couple of magazine pages). Take them all to Paris, and work in a description of the Luxembourg Gardens, where the lovers contrive to meet. A slight history of the gardens and the many notable characters who have walked in their lovely paths will stand you in for a page at least, and if you have a touch of genius in your composition future reading books may use that description just as they have used Dickens's wonderfully hot word picture of Marseilles in the July sun.

If you have made good use of your idea your story is now in two parts and is ten thousand words long, good for two numbers.

And remember that whereas you got but half a dollar for the original joke about the loving couple and the irate father, you will receive several hundred dollars for this last.

Time rolls on and at last you think you will write a novel.

What idea shall you use? Why the same one, of course—"the course of true love never did run smooth." Begin as Thackeray sometimes did a half dozen generations back and trace the rise of the family that finally produced John Pronkko, the great patent-medicine king.

Devote another chapter to the description of the patrician hero so cordially

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hated by Pronkko because of his inability to make money.

Give Alicia Myrtilla a whole chapter and describe if you will the village in which John was reared and to which he has come back to live in the heyday of his power. Work in slight sketches of the quaint characters in the village, *à la A Window in Thrums*. You may also give up several chapters to philosophical discourses in the fashion of the fathers of the English novel. That will increase the respect of the critic for your work, and can't help but put your novel in the "worth while" class. Perhaps it may be found worthy to stand on some five-foot book shelf.

Mind you, there's not any more story to it than there was to your two thousand word sketch, but if you have been clever you have eaten up from eighty to a hundred thousand words, and if the novel is a success with the great public it may mean a trip around the world for you or a house in the country and a half dozen motor cars—not to speak of an aeroplane or two.

Last use of the idea is to make a play of it. You remember that Shakespeare found that idea of the difficulties encountered by true lovers in an old story and conveying it to his own use, he made a play that they still call *Romeo and Juliet*.

But you must make a modern realistic play out of your idea. Some George Adeish characters good for many laughs, a Charles Kleinish plutocrat father, and a couple over whose sorrows matinée girls may weep into their bon bon boxes and the thing is done. When you see your little old fifty-cent joke playing to full houses, and you sit back and rake in $500 a week for a year or two, you will see why it is that most people want to write.

I'll be glad to collaborate with an experienced playwright in the dramatisation of this little sketch I have just written. *Charles Battell Loomis.*

BUSINESS MEN'S NOVELS

NOT a little has been said and written at various times about the literary tastes of the men who figure in the pushing, crowding, busy centres of trade; of the men who make up Wall Street; of the great engineering and contracting groups in the lower metropolis; and of the other classes of workers in the conjoint lanes of activity. The opinions as to these different bodies of business men with specific regard to their reading likes and dislikes have been so divergent and contradictory and have conveyed the impression of having been obtained from hearsay to such a degree that, now, it may be interesting to set down some facts bearing on the subject—facts that have been brought to light through a personal intercourse with the groups of men in question extending over a period of more than one year and a half.

For this period of time, as a member of the New York *Herald* staff, the writer came into intimate touch with the great assemblage of business men in Wall Street, in Broadway, and in tributary channels of commercial liveliness, and to him, accordingly, there was afforded a splendid opportunity for hearing and coming to know their literary tastes and distates.

It has been said that the nervous, constantly hustling workers of Manhattan have little time to devote to reading and are inclined to devote themselves to other forms of diversion when their leisure hours arrive. In some cases, to be sure, the latter part of this statement is true. But, judging entirely from personal observation and conversation, it is to be asserted that New York's business men, taking them generally, *are* readers, and that reading affords them the chief means for weaving about themselves the fabric of forgetfulness, the temporary

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throwing off of business cares and worries.

A prominent broker on the Stock Exchange has assured the writer that, taking a great number of his fellow-board members as a collective criterion, he has found that reading is the favourite form of after-business-hours pastime among the members of the Exchange, which doubly verifies what had been learned previously from the scattered brokers and traders. Book-salesmen in the Wall Street district, moreover, concur in the opinion that the men of the ticker are zealous followers of the fiction of the day, and the fact that these salesmen have prospered for many years gives the necessary and quite satisfactory atmosphere of truth to what they say.

In taking up the subject of Wall Street men as readers, the first thing the writer wishes to do is to prick the traditional bubble of falsehood that has been accepted as something thoroughly substantial since this subject has first been written about. The groundless, flimsy observation that must be contradicted is the oft-repeated one that Wall Street men's preference is for those novels dealing with financial life, the stories of financial intrigue, of spectacular coups and theatric stock manipulation. The vogue in Wall Street of Thomas W. Lawson's *Friday the Thirteenth* was responsible for the birth and perpetuation of the belief, but, although the novel named achieved wide popularity in the realm of the ticker, brokers will assure you that the example is an isolated one and consequently anything but a competent standard for determining the prevailing taste in fiction.

To tear down without building up is to bring upon one's self the sneer of doubt, and so, having demolished a traditional belief, the writer sets forth the statement that Wall Street men as a class read and prefer to read novels of the Robert W. Chambers type. The love story with the "society" atmosphere is the story the men of the stock-world like best, if their words for it are to be taken as proof, and there surely is no reason why they should not be accepted as such. "The Wall Street novel," the head of a well-known brokerage firm has told the writer, "may be all right for others than Wall Street men, but when the gong on the Stock Exchange sounds at three o'clock, there are few of us, I can assure you, who want to spend any more time than is necessary after that in even thinking of stocks. Reading about them would be irritating and"—this with a smile—"profitless."

Although exception may be taken to one or two of the specific novels named, the general style of the favourite types of novels of the brokers may be judged from the following list of ten that was prepared for the BOOKMAN by an active Wall Street man of wide acquaintance among his co-workers. In handing the list to the writer the Wall Street man said that the order in which they were named was intended to give an idea of the relative favour in which the particular style of novel was held by his business associates. The latter word he used in its broadest sense. Here is the list:

I. *The Fighting Chance*..... Chambers
II. *The Actress*.....Hale
III. *Jason* .....Forman
IV. *The Inner Shrine*.....Anon.
V. *By Right of Conquest*.....Hornblow
VI. *The Man in Lower Ten*.....Rinehart
VII. *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*...Fox
VIII. *The White Mice*.....Davis
IX. *Marriage à la Mode*.....Ward
X. *Septimus* .....Locke

From this list it may be seen that the purely business novel is conspicuous by its absence.

While treating of the literary tastes of Wall Street men, the qualifying statement must be made that the grain traders who make up the Produce Exchange do not figure in the above category of novel-choices despite the fact that the phrase "Wall Street men" generally includes them in its scope. The members of the wheat and corn pits, the writer has come to learn, seem to champion novels of the Churchill brand, political stories, as well as admittedly more exciting detective stories, such as the recent *Mystery of the Yellow Room, The Perfume of the Lady in Black,* etc.

The determining of the tastes of the engineering and contracting groups that centre about the West Street and Battery Park districts proved to be a far easier

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task than was the arriving at an estimate of the tastes prevailing in the financial section. The general tendency among this second group of business men—it is fair to include the profession of engineering under the head—seems to be toward the novels of out-door life, of the plains and the sea and the frozen countries. Jack London, Rex Beach, Ralph Connor, Stewart Edward White, Morgan Robertson and writers who choose subjects like these authors are given the choice by the men whose work takes them, too, into the open. Such novels as *Calumet K* and *Whispering Smith* are not without many readers as well among the engineers, whereas the list that is given to typify Wall Street's general taste would be far from the mark in showing the literary predilection of the group of men under immediate discussion.

The men connected with the government service at the customs house, the sub-treasury and the assay office may be as definitely aligned as either of the two classes already chronicled, although in what follows reckoning is made only of the forms of current literature that are best liked by the heads of the various branches of the service in the several institutions. To arrive at a fair average estimate of the tastes of all the men in the government service in lower Manhattan would be well-nigh impossible. With the men specified, however, in mind, the statement may be made that stories of imagination and inventiveness and stories founded on history meet with favour most generally. The writer is not able to give concrete examples of titles, inasmuch as such examples might fail to coincide with the consensus of tastes, but, in a general way, can state in all fairness that the group of men in question are inclined to like best the style of work of such writers as H. G. Wells, Gertrude Atherton, and Emerson Hough.

The lawyers, who compose a big element in the great working group of business Manhattan, and who, because of the close alliance of their profession with those lines of activity herein outlined, may come into the catalogue of business men, have as clearly defined tastes in the matter of their lighter forms of reading as have the others. However, in estimating the consensus of their choices, prefatory allowance must be made for the objections that may arise from certain quarters that have not been consulted. In quoting what follows, the writer intends merely to chronicle the collective taste of a large body of lawyers who, individually, appear to afford satisfactory standards from which general deductions may be made. From these lawyers, therefore, as well as from the statements they have made in regard to the tastes of their fellow-lawyers, the writer has come to the conclusion that the detective story stands out sharply from the other types of narrative as the favourite of the legal class of business New York.

In a discussion bearing on this subject, one of the most prominent lawyers in the business district said recently that the statement that lawyers as a class liked detective stories best, might be made in all truth. "Now and again," he remarked, "you may find a lawyer who says that he does not care for a good old-fashioned detective story, but that lawyer will be one in ten. There is something about a detective novel that possesses a keener fascination for us lawyers than any other kind of story, and that something, I believe, is not to be the obviously inferred idea that the law, in one way or another, figures in the stories and that, consequently, we are the more interested in them. Many lawyers like excitement rather than repose in their spare hours, and this fact, I hold, causes them to pick up a detective story in preference to any other."

The argument that the different sets of business men have distinctive tastes in reading is borne witness to further in a way that may or may not be worthy of acceptance, but which is at least interesting. The chief clerk in the busiest bookshop in hustle-bustle downtown New York told the writer once that he could tell exactly the field of business a man was in by the novel he purchased as he started on his way home after the close of the day.

George Jean Nathan.

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CLYDE FITCH

URING the nineteen years that have elapsed since the first performance of *Beau Brummel,* Clyde Fitch actually produced in the theatre between forty and fifty plays, either entirely original or else so thoroughly adapted as to belong more to him than to the authors of their foreign prototypes; and yet the news of his sudden death at the age of forty-four gives us the sense of a talent quenched untimely, before its fullest possibilities had been realised. In all apparent ways his career was a success; he made more money and achieved a wider reputation than any other American playwright, past or present; his work was popular and well rewarded with critical esteem, not only in his own country but in England, Germany, and Italy as well; and yet, looked at largely, this same career appears to be a failure, because Fitch has left behind him no single drama that seems destined to endure. Criticism of his work is therefore confronted with a paradox. Why should a playwright who achieved so much have failed to achieve more? Why, in the face of such success, should we feel finally a sense of failure?

The answer to this riddle seems to be that Fitch was himself a paradox, in a peculiar manner that defines the man and explains his work. The qualities of mind that made him go so far are the very qualities that prevented him from going farther. His defects are not distinct from his merits; they *are* his merits, developed to excess. Not what he lacked, but what he had, defeated him. He was held back by his aptitudes. As a result, when criticism deals with his work, it may regard any single salient feature of it either as a contribution to his immediate success or as an explanation of his ultimate failure.

In illustration of this paradox of Fitch's self-defeating talent, let us review several of those individual characteristics with which we have grown familiar in his work. First of all, whatever opinion may be held concerning his importance as an author, there can be no denying that Fitch was a great stage-director. The art of stage-management has been developed to its present efficiency only in very recent years. Not till after the introduction of electric lighting and the evolution of the picture-frame proscenium did dramatists concern themselves with the preparation and arrangement of pictures on the stage which should convey at once to the audience, by visual means alone, the very sense of life. Fitch made his advent as a producer just at the moment when the theatre, for the first time in its history, was fully equipped upon the mechanical side for holding the mirror up to nature; and of this condition he immediately took advantage. He had a genius for arranging mechanical effects; and many of the devices of stage-direction to which we have now grown thoroughly accustomed through their use in later plays are the result of his inventions. Usually his most clever innovations in stage-management were disclosed at the very outset of his plays. By this means he stimulated interest at once, and also avoided distracting the attention of the audience from the progress of the action after the plot was fairly started. Everybody remembers the funeral at the opening of *The Climbers,* the automobile in *The Way of the World,* the department store in *Glad of It,* and the ocean liner in *The Stubbornness of Geraldine.* In making the theatre thus visually representative of familiar facts of life, Fitch performed a very great service—a service which will be appreciated to the full only by some future historian of this present age of the drama. But if we consider this very aptitude from the other point of view, we see at once that it was one of the qualities which contributed most toward Fitch's final failure to attain greatness as a dramatist. He cared too much about rendering the external facts of life, and too little about revealing its internal truths. He often allowed himself to be lured aside from the straight current of a dramatic story in order to accomplish minor effects by the way.

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The episode of the Cook's tourists in the Vatican, which forms the second act of *The Girl with the Green Eyes,* is exceedingly amusing in itself; but it ought never to have been set between the solid first act and the tense and earnest third act of that serious, important play. It is, considered critically, an irrelevant interruption, and breaks the structure of the drama.

Another of Fitch's special aptitudes for the theatre was his very subtle sense of actors. He had a genius for casting his plays. The minor parts were always perfectly performed, by just the right people and in just the right way. Because of the excellent training that Fitch gave to hundreds of actors and actresses who were quite unknown before he discovered their special gifts and taught them to behave in his plays as people behave in ordinary life, the American stage is now a far finer instrument of art than it ever could have grown to be, in the same period of time, without his influence. But, on the other hand, he suffered the penalty of this ability. He was so skilful in devising parts which would exactly fit the capabilities of this or that popular performer that he was often led to make his plays mere vehicles instead of dramas. Of this defect, *Her Great Match* and *The Straight Road* may be taken as examples.

One of Fitch's main merits was an extraordinarily quick and accurate observation of the details of daily life. No little thing escaped his eye. His outlook was spontaneous and fresh; he went to life itself for his materials; he saw and reproduced directly, with no suggestion of the second-hand. And his range was very broad. There seemed to be no limits to his imitation of humanity. But, like nearly all artists who cover a wide surface, Fitch was lacking in depth. He was an observer, instead of an interpreter. Most of his plays seemed like assemblages of details gathered here and there out of life, rather than like single, complete, and self-sustained imaginings. His dramas were not developed outward from a central, dominant idea; they were pieced together out of materials which he had collected. He was too clever at taking notes to arrive at that complete realisation of life which results only from imagination.

Because of his instinctive grasping at details, Fitch often wrote plays in which the parts are greater than the whole. We remember certain scenes, but forget the very theme of the play in which they figured. A great deal of his truest characterisation was expended on minor and subsidiary characters. In *Her Own Way,* we remember best the slangy hairdresser who chattered as she "did" the hair of fashionable ladies. As an artist, Fitch seems often to have cared more for his "bit" parts, as actors call them, than for the leading persons of his story. Rich and varied as was his gift for observing and delineating human characteristics, he seldom imagined a sustained and fully satisfying character. He nearly always made sketches instead of portraits.

His very best and most important characters, if we examine them critically, are seen to be amplifications of what, in essence, are "bit" parts. In the girl with the green eyes, Fitch achieved a very searching study of a young woman afflicted with ineradicable jealousy; and in the heroine of *The Truth* he rendered with very wonderful insight the character of a woman constitutionally doomed to telling fibs. Fitch's truest people are women rather than men; and they are nearly always women who are weakened by a flaw in character. They are, in any real sense, *little* people. Thus, even at his best, Fitch achieves his effect by amplifying the little instead of by imagining the large. He pierces a butterfly and looks at its flutterings through a microscope. The method is scientific; but it fails to touch the poetry of life, which considers great issues incarnate in great people, and considers them not in the mood of examination but in the mood of wonder.

One reason why Fitch's work was so popular was that it was inspired by an unusually keen sense of entertainment. He looked at life naturally in the comic spirit. He was always ready with a laugh. Even when he was most serious and thoughtful, and strove hardest to expose the shams and foibles of society, he pleased his audience by maintaining the satiric mood. He was playfully ear-

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nest and smilingly sincere. But for this talisman toward popularity he was forced, again, to pay a penalty. His sentiment and charm seldom deepened into pathos; and he was utterly incapable of looking at life in the tragic mood. He could see tragic matters only in the comic spirit. Of this point a convincing example is *The Climbers*. The play begins

CLYDE FITCH

with a funeral and ends with a suicide; and yet it is impossible to class it otherwise than as a comedy of manners. It is earnestly satiric, bitterly bright; but never for a moment is it tragic.

Fitch's fortune, and in a large measure his popularity, resulted from the rapidity and ease with which he turned out play after play. More than once he made four new productions in a single season. There can be no doubt that this excessive activity was the main reason for his failure to achieve a masterpiece. But the essential nature of this activity must not be misunderstood. Contrary to the general opinion, Fitch did not write rapidly on purpose, for the sake of making more money, or more quickly broadening his reputation. Every man who ever knew him personally will agree that he did not write for money and did not write for fame. He wrote because he loved his work. No playwright has ever striven more sincerely to do his work always as well as he could possibly do it. The truth is that Fitch was unable to work slowly. His mind was alert and darting, instead of calm and contemplative. In this quality, as in all others, his work was

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hampered by his very aptitudes. Lowell once said that the reason why he himself was not a great poet was that he could never learn to write slowly enough; and the remark explains the mental difficulty against which the cleverest of American playwrights struggled in vain. In a letter to the present writer, dated May 5, 1909, Fitch said of himself:

> Like the man in the song with his feet when the band played, *I can't make my mind keep still!* I try to rest it, and give the serious time to grow, by playing with the frivolities and trivialities, as you say. However, no matter what the why is, I'm going on against it!

The end came unexpectedly, at Chalons-sur-Marne, on September 4, 1909. Last spring, Fitch completed a play called *The City,* which he told his friends was the best piece that he had ever written. Perhaps it is the great work for which we have been waiting; perhaps the self-defeating mind may win a posthumous victory. This is greatly to be hoped; for surely Clyde Fitch, by his earnest, indefatigable striving, deserved finally to succeed; and there would be a dramatic fitness if his last work should win for him the coveted crown.

Clayton Hamilton.

HENRY JAMES: AUTO-CRITIC

FOR every author there is an ideal vesture of print, and it is agreeable to admirers of the art of Henry James that after his long wait for the dignity of a "collected" edition—a wait longer than that of most novelists who are ever to reach the distinction—there should be a consummation so nearly perfect as is represented by this New York edition.* The aspect of these twenty-four volumes is such as to command the approval even of so exacting a connoisseur as Mr. James may be conceived as being: large, serious-looking volumes in their dignified binding of dull red, with their specially made, water-marked paper, their admirably novel and so distinguished illustrations consisting of photogravures made from photographs by Mr. Alvin Langdon Coburn. Everything is in keeping. Mr. James is no author for "pocket" editions. He is to be read in the library, in all the dignity of large type and fair-margined pages. In the harmony of its outward seeming with its contents this edition is close to the line that precludes criticism.

But it is only when the books themselves are opened and the contents spread before the eye that their full value becomes apparent. To the determination of what should enter these pages Mr. James has devoted his fastidious critical sense with the most curious and entertaining results. That the novels

*The Novels and Tales of Henry James. New York Edition, in twenty-four volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
Volume I, Roderick Hudson.
Volume II, The American.
Volumes III and IV, Portrait of a Lady.
Volumes V and VI, The Princess Casamassima.
Volumes VII and VIII. The Tragic Muse.
Volume IX, The Awkward Age.
Volume X, The Spoils of Poynton, A London life, The Chaperon.
Volume XI. What Maisie Knew, In the Cage, The Pupil.
Volume XII, The Aspern Papers, The Turn of the Screw, etc.
Volume XIII, The Reverberator, Madame de Mauves, etc.
Volume XIV, Lady Barbarina, The Siege of London, etc.
Volume XV, The Lesson of the Master, The Death of the Lion, etc.
Volume XVI, The Author of Beltraffio, The Middle Years, etc.
Volume XVII. The Altar of the Dead, The Beast in the Jungle, etc.
Volume XVIII, Daisy Miller, Pandora, etc.
Volumes XIX and XX, The Wings of the Dove.
Volumes XXI and XXII, The Ambassadors.
Volumes XXIII and XXIV, The Golden Bowl.

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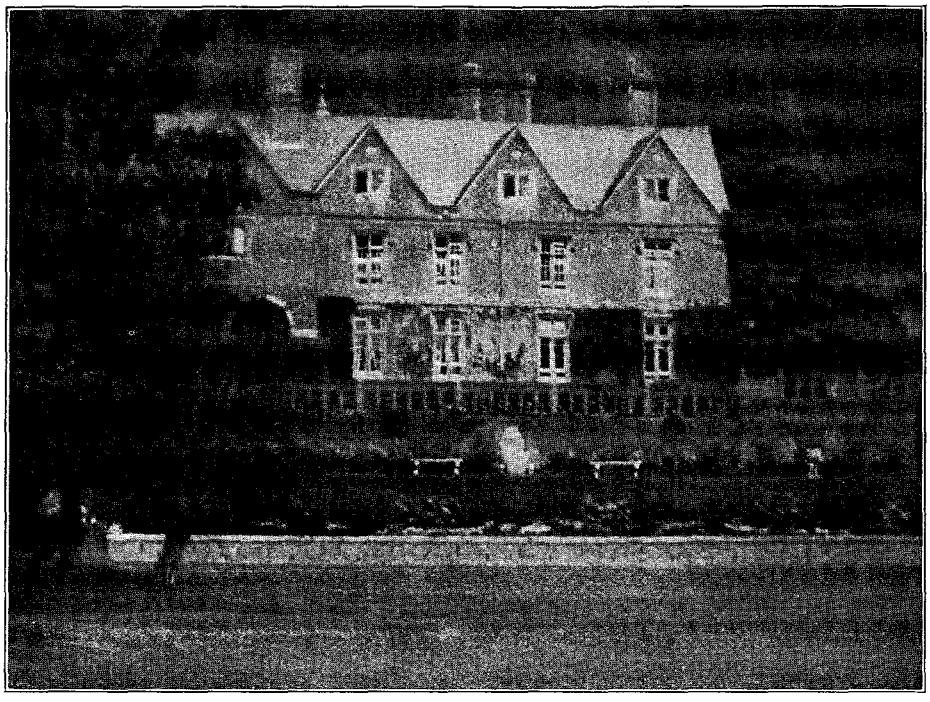

THE ENGLISH HOME

and tales themselves should be subjected to close scrutiny and even to some revision before they were deemed worthy of admission is not in itself a condition without parallel. Mr. James thereby merely enrolls himself among those who are the joy and the despair of collectors. His is not the Celtic temperament that would prompt the exclamation: "Who am I that I should tamper with a masterpiece?" To refine on perfection, to give the last masterly touch to the masterpiece, is of the essence of his self-conscious art. It is not surprising that on rereading those vigorous, immature productions of his youth, *Roderick Hudson* or *The American,* he should embrace the opportunity to bring them nearer to the ideal of his more mature years. But even in this he has not surpassed all of his contemporaries—not to rake the records of ancient literary history. Meredith revised his *Richard Feverel* after nearly forty years, deleting passages which his admirers mourned; and George Moore, after publishing three distinct versions of his story of Evelyn Innes, is, one may believe, still industriously revising. In making his comparatively slight verbal changes Mr. James has followed at a conservative distance more than one respectable model and exemplar.

But in his prefaces he has done the unexpected, the unique thing. With all his ingratiating air of taking the reader into his confidence, Mr. James is the most objective of authors. There is scarcely a living author of distinction whom one would not more readily associate with the literary confessional—nor, it may be added, is there one who has more interesting facts and reflections to reveal. But if he has thus surprisingly assumed the autobiographical rôle, he is still true to the artistic practice of a lifetime. There is no vulgar personal revelation; there are records of places and dates, but the man himself, as separate from the artist, is to be discovered only obliquely as in his novels. He is indeed so persistently, so wholly the artist that, like Clare Vawdrey in *The Private Life,* he sometimes prompts the question

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whether he has a personal side. But if he so signally fails to satisfy certain curiosities, he overflows with response to others. With the most winning appearance of intimacy, with a good-humoured assumption of his reader's interest in the things which he finds interesting, he has set himself to relating the inception and development of the novels and tales which he has judged worthy of preservation in this definitive form. The result is a document, or series of documents, without a parallel in literature.

To those who regard fiction as one of the greatest of pastimes, and therefore worthy of as serious discussion and consideration as tennis or chess, there is something bewildering in the richness of this offering. Here is one of the great masters of the game making a complete, thoroughgoing analysis of his own "play" over a third of a century, with the double advantage of the entire objectivity of the critic and the secure possession of the facts of the man who has actually done the thing. We have had before this critics who have written well of fiction, and novelists who have talked

HENRY JAMES

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well of themselves. Tolstoi has recorded, doubtless with entire honesty, his opinion of his own earlier works, and has been laughed out of court because he could not place himself outside of his own colossal ego. Maupassant left on record his artistic creed, Sir Walter Besant lectured ponderously on the art of fiction, Trollope told us how he worked, George Moore has gossiped entertainingly of his dead life, there is admirably frank talk in the letters of Robert Louis Stevenson about his own works, Thackeray shed a white light on the psychology of the novelist in his charming paper De Finibus. But these are all partial, incomplete registers of the artist's critical sense turned on his own works. Hitherto no one has undertaken to tell from beginning to end the origin and growth of practically all the products of his creative effort. Mr. James has done this, and in so doing he has brought to bear such critical acumen, such a wealth of observation and apposite illustration of his art, that he has placed his detractors in the ugly dilemma of having to concede that if he is not a great novelist he is a great critic, while his criticism establishes standards which force the acceptance of his fiction as art of a high order.

Read independently, then, each of these prefaces is a rich commentary on the work at hand, a model of what the short, specific criticism should be, a mine of entertaining information regarding the growth of this and that particular idea in the author's mind. Mr. James does not even shirk the delicate task of "placing" the relative success or failure of different works. He pronounces *The Ambassadors* "the most proportioned of his productions"—a felicitous judgment from which there will be little dissent—and ranges next to it in this respect *The Portrait of a Lady*. He fondly declares a particular preference for one or two of the short stories—"The Altar of the Dead" and "The Beast in the Jungle." He points out how *Roderick Hudson* is "all but ruined" by the lack of amplitude of its time-scheme. In recording the first hints of such stories as *The Turn of the Screw* and *What Maisie Knew*, he opens doors long closed, and shows us the creative imagination actually at work. He discloses the secret of the sources of the artist's inspiration. They are everywhere, he tells us; in the air, in the most general observation, in the most specific instance. *The Princess Casamassima* was the outcome of the fascination exercised on him by the streets of London; a chance remark at a dinner-table was the germ of *The Spoils of Poynton; The Pupil* was, as might be guessed, the fruit of an actually observed relation; *The Aspern Papers* was suggested by the survival, in Florence, even to his own day, of Jane Clairmont, the half-sister of Mary Godwin and the mother of Byron's daughter Allegra, while *The Coxon Fund* was a dramatisation of the case of Coleridge. I am sorry for the reader for whom these small bits of literary history do not add a charm to the book with which they are associated.

But if these papers deal primarily and avowedly with specific origins, they rise constantly to the consideration of more general questions. Mr. James's interest in the principles of his craft is inveterate. The beauty of the concrete fact lies for him in its aptness to illustrate the fundamental truth. It would not be altogether easy to disengage these more general observations and range them in an orderly sequence; could it be done, the result would be the most searching analysis of the novelist's art that has ever been put to paper. I do not know that he has a "theory" of the novel, but he has an abundance of ideas that display the subtlest insight, backed by the most logical arguments. For the sake of the argument one must, it is true, allow certain assumptions, the first of which is that the writing of novels is actually an art, that the form has its requirements, all the more insistent perhaps because its inclusions are so generous. Having granted so much, which is to grant that the *raconteur* is not the highest type of novelist, one is led to the conclusion that Mr. James's novels are, almost in higher degree than those of any other author one can name, the result of deliberate, conscious purpose, and not mere accident or perversity. To that old charge of perversity, of wilful "obscurity," he seems more than once to

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revert (though all by indirection); and with his clear, strong sense of the situation confronting the novelist, shifts the problem to quite other ground than it has occupied. He alludes, for instance, to the demands made on behalf of "that sovereign principle the economy of interest," and then states thus the novelist's response:

> . . . nothing can exceed his own solicitude for an economy of interest; but [he] feels himself all in presence of an abyss of ambiguities, the mutual accommodations in which the reader wholly leaves to him. . . . The picture of the exposed and entangled state is what is required, and there are certainly always plenty of grounds for keeping down the complexities of the picture. A picture it still has to be, however, and by that condition has to deal effectually with its subject, so that the simple device of more and more keeping down may well not see us quite to our end or even quite to our middle.

In a different connection he says (and it appears to me one of the happiest statements of the essential problem of the literary artist):

> Really, universally, relations stop nowhere, and the exquisite problem of the artist is eternally but to draw, by a geometry of his own, the circle within which they shall happily *appear* to do so. He is in the perpetual predicament that the continuity of things is the whole matter, for him, of comedy and tragedy; that this continuity is never, by the space of an instant or an inch, broken, and that, to do anything at all, he has at once intensely to consult and intensely to ignore it.

Interesting again is his description of the method by which the novelist, whether consciously or not, builds up his fiction from the germ found in real life, and its relation to the actual life from which it springs—the crux of the whole question of realism. "The affair of the painter," he says, "is not the immediate, it is the reflected field of life, the realm not of application, but of *appreciation.*" Of "the origin of the fictive picture," he elaborates approvingly a remark of Turgenieff:

> It began for him almost always with the vision of some person or persons, who hovered before him, soliciting him, as the active or passive figure, interesting him and appealing to him just as they were and by what they were. He saw them in that fashion, as *disponibles,* saw them subject to the chances, the complications of existence, and saw them vividly, but then had to find for them the right relations, those that would most bring them out; to imagine, to invent and select and piece together the situations most useful and favourable to the sense of the creatures themselves, the complications they would be most likely to produce and to feel.

This is refreshing talk to come from a distinguished practitioner of the craft. The writing of a novel, in Mr. James's view, involves observation *plus* manipulation, the disposing of elements, the creation of relations. There is as little place here for a naive theory of a crude realism as for that of a mysterious "inspiration." The artist is neither a phonograph, sending forth unchanged what he gathers straight from life, nor a helpless subject of demonic possession, giving unwitting utterance to great truths. The real process is rather that of some higher mathematician, dealing with a complex group of elements susceptible of manipulation only in strict accordance with certain given properties.

These brief excerpts do scant justice to the critical insight, the ripe observation, the ingenuity and fine urbanity of these essays. Their greatest value is after all that with a geniality equally free from conceit and from false modesty they point a new way to the appreciation of the stories to which they serve as introductions. That the critic is in this case so peculiarly in sympathy with his subject by no means lessens the validity of his judgments. Mr. James believes in all sincerity in his work, and he is able to give sound reasons for his belief. It is not to be forgotten in discussing the famous, the much discussed, the much abused "later manner" of the novelist that the challenged works have passed the severe scrutiny of one of the most finely disciplined critical minds of the time. Mr. James's development, from *Roderick Hudson* through these twenty-four volumes to *The Golden Bowl,* has been singularly consistent. In the face of neglect or ridicule that would have

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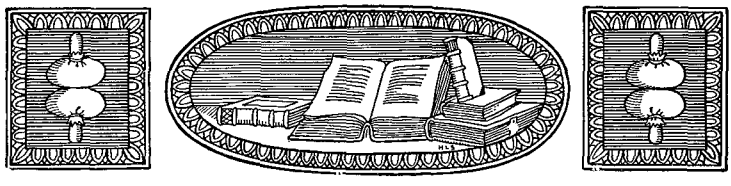
checked any but an enthusiast, he has worked steadily along a perfectly straight line. Granted his possession of the specific novelist's talent, to which his earlier, simpler stories admittedly testify, granted the obvious singleness of purpose and the brains of which all his work is witness, it is dangerous to assume that he has not known as well as some of his detractors what he wished to accomplish. The difficulty which these later books unquestionably offer to many readers is not mainly due to the depths to which he plunges in the souls of his characters. He does go deep, as does every great novelist; but he differs from Thackeray and Dickens and even Meredith chiefly in the fulness and richness of his exposition of a whole set of relations commonly ignored by the novelist with his convenient abstractions. This importation of strange commodities into the realm of the novel has its risks; one must pay the duty, and the question whether the operation "pays" can be answered only in the event. It pays, so to speak, only in so far as the profitable market is to be found—in so far as the consumer is willing to pay with an increased intensity of interest. The line between profit and loss is not easily drawn.

In the concrete instance, as it happens, Mr. James has given a curious negative indication of the position of the line. Most of his persistent readers will doubtless agree that he has never pushed his "manner" further, never employed it to more elusive ends, than in two of his smaller stories belonging to a period of less than a decade ago. I refer to *The Sacred Fount,* a sheer *tour de force* in the exploration of subtle social relations, and *The Papers,* in which the ironic spirit fairly takes the bit between its teeth and runs away with its rider. To the confirmed Jacobin there is doubtless a thrill of real pleasure in following such exhibitions of technic for its own sake; yet even such an admirer, if he have a social conscience, must have shaken his head at the effect of such flights on the honest horde of readers who abhor mystifications and like their fiction as plain and solid as a beefsteak. Mr. James himself has, it seems, after all a social conscience. He has shaken his head, and has excluded these most "precious" of his compositions from the high distinction of the collected edition. Well, even this ignominy has its compensatory distinction; and I look to the collectors, those chivalrous rescuers of literary beauty in distress, to make *The Sacred Fount* the most sought after of all the works of Henry James.

Edward Clark Marsh.



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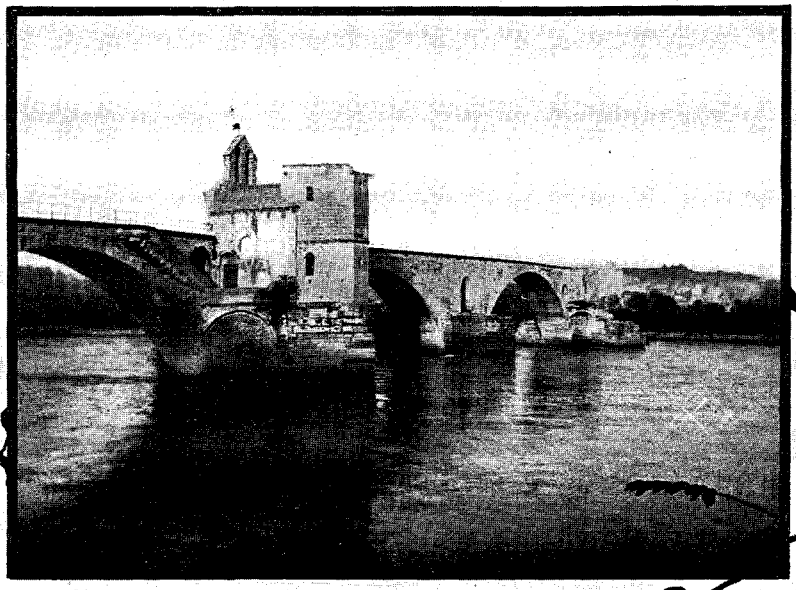
The PONT d'AVIGNON



THE PONT D'AVIGNON

"IT was in the early afternoon that I first saw the Rhone, one of the biggest rivers in Europe. At last I came within sight of the Pope's city. The city of Avignon—God be thanked! Saints in Heaven! what a beautiful city it was!"

With these words Pascalet of Felix Gras' "Rouges du Midi" grew up on the magnificent Rhoneside city of Avignon, for seventy years the Papal capital of Christendom.

And what a beautiful city it still is! South or north bound travellers through France by road or rail have cause to know this, even though they pass it at full speed. The silhouette of the sky line of Notre Dame des Doms, the Palais

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des Papes and the old walls and ramparts is as a whiff of mediævalism dropped down into this hurly-burly modern world.

Those who stop en route, and they are many, know the place more intimately, and the more intimately, too, they come to treasure the memory of their stay whether their *séjour* be long or short.

Sur le pont d'Avignon,
L'on y danse, l'on y danse,
Sur le pont d'Avignon,
Tout le monde y danse en rond.
Les Capucins font comme ça;
Et puis encor' comm'ça.

Thus sing the children all over France in that *jeu d'enfant* which, as like as not, was the forerunner of "London Bridge is Falling Down."

The Pont d'Avignon has fallen, or rather the old bridge has given way on one side to the blows of the swift Rhône torrent, and remains to-day a poor, rent monument to the glory of Saint Bénézet and the Brothers of the Bridge, who first built it in the twelfth century. It would have been a remarkable engineering work in any day; how much more remarkable it was for its time one has to come into intimate contact therewith in order to fully appreciate.

The Poor Saint Bénézet and his disciples levied toll and begged alms of passers from the Comtat to Provence on the opposite bank of the Rhône, and in 1177 built the same structure which to-day buries its forefoot in the turgid torrent of the Rhône.

The people of the neighbourhood, above all, never ceased to rejoice for the privilege of passing without trouble from one bank to another of the vast river, on foot, on horseback or in carts, at all hours, at all times and in all seasons, so rapidly and with so much security. Something of this universal naïve astonishment has come to us in the first verse of the celebrated song.

"Sur le Pont d'Avignon, tout le monde y passe!"

According to legend the conception of this great bridge was as follows:

Long before the arrival of the Popes at Avignon, before the towers of the great Papal Palace were built, a young shepherd of Avilard, named Bénézet, spent his days guarding the flocks of his mother. One day the sun hid itself—there was a sort of veil which covered its face—when suddenly the youthful shepherd—he was but twelve years of age—heard these words repeated three times:

"Bénézet, my son, listen to the voice of Jesus Christ."

The child, astonished, replied:

"Where are you, Lord? I hear thy voice, but I see no one."

"Listen without fear," replied the voice: "I am the God who created in one word the sky, the earth, the sea, the whole world."

"Well! my Lord, what must I do?"

"Abandon the sheep of thy mother, and go you to Avignon and build a bridge over the Rhône."

"Lord, I know not where the Rhône flows, and I dare not leave these sheep confided to my care."

"Did I not tell you to believe? Go without fear, I will have your sheep taken care of, and I will give you a faithful guide."

"Ah! Lord, I possess but six oboles; how can I thus construct a bridge?"

"Thou shalt know, my son, I will reveal the way."

Obeying the command, the young shepherd started out, and it was not long before he met an angel in the habit of a pilgrim who said to him:

"My child, follow me without fear, I will guide thee to the river where thou must construct thy bridge, and I will tell thee how it may be done."

When they arrived on the bank of the Rhône the great width of the bed of the river stupefied the child, who cried out that the thing was impossible.

"Raise no doubts, my son," said the angel with tenderness: "the spirit of God shines over thee. There is a boat to traverse the river; enter the city and make known thy mission to the bishop, also to the people."

At these words the angel disappeared. Bénézet approached the boat and prayed the boatman to transport him to the other side of the river for the love of God and the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The boatman, who was a Jew, said:

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"I have nothing to do with thy Virgin Mary, I prefer three deniers to such protection."

The child gave him three oboles and was carried to the gates of the town on the opposite bank. Bénézet entered and found the Bishop Pons, to whom he gave his mission; the bishop could not believe him and sent him to the provost, who listened to him with anger and said:

"How can such a person as you accomplish that which the men most powerful, even the Emperor Charlemagne dare not undertake? Anyway, bridges are built of stones and cement: I will furnish you with one stone from my palace; if you carry it I will believe in the success of your project."

Bénézet, full of confidence in God, went to the palace of the provost, followed by all the people, and he lifted the enormous stone, which the united efforts of thirty men could not have done, and he put it on his shoulder with the same facility as he would have raised a small pebble. Advancing thus at the head of the population he came to the bank of the river, placed the stone in position as the foundation of the first arch of the bridge.

The spectators, in their admiration, praised the power of God, the provost being the first to fall upon his knees. Saluting Bénézet and endowing him with the name of Saint, the provost gave him three hundred deniers. Within a few minutes the gifts of the crowd rose to five thousand, all destined for the expenses of the construction of the bridge. This then is the legendary origin of the famous Pont Saint Bénézet or the Pont d'Avignon of the nursery song.

The historians are more concise. Here is what Papon recounts in his general history of Provence.

A shepherd named Bénézet, whose virtues have placed him in the rank of the saints, conceived the project of the bridge, and such were his powers of persuasion, that he was able to interest the bishop and all the people of Avignon. The bridge was built in eleven years and was forty-two metres in length, and composed of eighteen arches. Quite near it, on the city side, was established a community of religious monks known as the Brothers of the Bridge, charged with receiving pilgrims and speeding them on their way, and to watch over the destinies of the bridge as well as to construct others along the Rhone. The Frères Pontifs shortly completed another splendid work, that of Saint Esprit, a monument which still serves its original functions to-day, whilst that of Avignon has in part been destroyed.

Bénézet died before the Pont d'Avignon was finished, and he was buried in the little chapel built up on an extension of the second arch.

In 1669, the rapidity of the current of the river carried away several arches, which were never replaced; unconsciously the bridge was reduced to the estate of a ruin, but it remains to-day one of the most splendid religious and secular ruins of France.

Isabel Floyd Jones.

FOUR BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

EDMUND B. D'AUVERGNE'S "LOLA MONTEZ"*

Reading the story of *Lola Montez* is like reading a vivid page from the eighteenth century, when adventurers of both sexes travelled about from court to court, to receive great presents of money and jewels and to be dignified with the highest honours in the power of the particular grateful and gracious sovereign. It is the story of another Mlle. de Querouailles, born one hundred years too late, adopted by a country and a king; or of another Aurora of Königsmarck travelling about, finally to find

*Lola Montez: An Adventuress of the Forties. By Edmund B. D'Auvergne. New York: The John Lane Company. $4.00 net.

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favour in the eyes of a modern Augustus of Saxony. But there the resemblance ends, for Lola Montez was the last of a long and illustrious line of women, and the world had too greatly changed to permit her to hold her honours long. She reached her dizzy eminence to remain there only for a brief moment, to be driven forth by a revolution and to exchange the surroundings of the court at Munich for the mining camps of California and Australia. Yet, as Mr. D'Auvergne says, "in prosperity she never lost her head, and in adversity she never lost her courage."

An Irish girl with a strain of Spanish blood, Maria Dolores Eliza Rosanna Gilbert, was born in Limerick in 1818. Her father was an ensign in the British army and her mother, who had been a Miss Oliver of Castle Oliver, was a descendant of the Count de Montalvo, a Spanish grandee who had lost his fortune in the Peninsular wars. When Lola was four years of age Ensign Gilbert was transferred to another regiment under orders for India. With his young wife and child he embarked in the autumn of 1822, and after a four months' journey around the Cape set foot in Calcutta. The India described in the chapter dealing with Lola Montez's childhood is strongly suggestive of the India which sent back Jos Sedley to England enormously wealthy after his years in the Civil Service. The company still ruled. There was plenty of dancing and merrymaking in the society of the army officers and their wives stationed in Calcutta, the gorgeous city of palaces. On the other hand the grim shadows of fever, snake-bite and the dreaded cholera were forever stalking through the land. Within two years the cholera had stricken Edward Gilbert, and Lola was left fatherless before she was seven years of age. It was not long before her mother was married again, this time to Captain John Craigie of the Bengal army. Lola's stepfather seems to have been a generous, warm-hearted man, and to him the girl was indebted for such education as she received in India. This was not of a very thorough nature, and it was decided to send her home to her stepfather's relatives in Scotland. Thus, at the age of eight, Lola found herself torn from the red coats and brown faces that she loved so well to undertake that terrible four months' journey and to settle down in Montrose, the dour, wintry burgh among the sandhills by the northern sea.

Of this period of her life there is not a great deal to tell. Eleven years later her mother came to England to take her back to India for the purpose of marrying her to Sir Abraham Lumley, who was sixty years of age, but rich and a judge of the Supreme Court. This plan was by no means entirely to Lola's liking, so she promptly eloped with one Thomas James, a young lieutenant in the Twenty-first Regiment of the Bengal infantry, who had attached himself to Mrs. Craigie on the voyage to England and accompanied her to Bath. The mother was furious, partly on account of the disobedience of her daughter, and partly because of the fickleness of her cavalier, but finally consented to the marriage, which took place in County Meak on July 23, 1837. Thus, at the age of nineteen Lola found herself in Ireland, the wife of a penniless subaltern, exactly the position of her mother twenty years before. In time disillusionment came. At first she was not entirely without that glitter for which her soul craved. Her husband took her to Dublin, and presented her to the Lord Lieutenant. Within a year, however, she was heartily tired of Ireland, and with her husband at her side sailed again for India.

For two or three years Captain James and his wife lived together in comparatively respectable misery. The Simla of the fourth decade of the last century was not very different from the Simla that Mr. Kipling has made familiar to us. The story of *Jack Barrett Jobbed to Queta* was not an unfamiliar one; and there were plenty of Mrs. Hawksbees to provide excitement and scandal. The particular Mrs. Hawksbee in this case was a Mrs. Lomer, who was much in the company of Captain James. One morning the two did not return. After taking refuge for a time under her mother's roof at Calcutta, Lola, for the second and last time of her life, saw the shores of Bengal receding from her

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across the waves. Early the following spring she landed in London, and instead of looking out for a refuge she sought a career on the stage, the only profession in early Victorian times that offered any promise to an ambitious woman. It was then that she assumed the name of Lola Montez—so soon to be known throughout Europe—passing herself off as a Spaniard, partly no doubt for professional reasons, and partly to conceal her identity as the wife of Captain James. For four months she studied dancing under a Spanish professor, and on the evening of June 3, 1843, made her first appearance between the acts of the opera *The Barber of Seville*. That this appearance was a failure was due in part to her lack of genuine talent, but much more to the blackguardly behaviour of a certain Lord Ranalagh, who in this way revenged himself for a previous rebuff at her hands.

Finding London closed to her, Lola left England, travelling to Brussels, Berlin, Dresden, Warsaw, and St. Petersburg. She reached the Belgian capital practically with an empty purse. She afterward said, according to "An Englishman in Paris," that mythical person upon whom Mr. D'Auvergne seems to rely even when calling attention to the shady nature of his information, that she went there partly because she hoped to make her way to The Hague, where she proposed to lay siege to the heart of his Dutch Majesty William the Second, then a man fifty years of age. By this time she had evidently made up her mind what her career in life was to be. This plan came to nothing, however, and in Brussels she found herself friendless and penniless, and was reduced to singing in the streets to keep from starvation. Finally a German took her to Warsaw and secured for her an engagement at the opera there. She quickly won a position of some prominence, and was on the high road to success when her high temper brought her to disaster. Hearing that she was to be arrested on the charge of inciting treason she barricaded her door; and when the police arrived sat behind it with a pistol in her hand, declaring that she would shoot the first man who should break in. She was saved from a prison by the French Consul, who came forward and claimed her as a French subject; but the order was peremptory that she leave Warsaw.

From Warsaw she went to St. Petersburg, where she claimed to have been consulted by the Czar; thence to Berlin, where she found more trouble by slashing a policeman across the face with her whip, and finally to Dresden, where fate threw Franz Liszt across her path. This love seems to have been the great and genuine love of Lola's life. For the first time she met a great man with a beautiful soul. She could admire Liszt's boundless generosity and his pride in his vocation. In her the musician recognised a kindred haughty intolerance of patronage, a contempt for those in high places. It is significant that on this episode in her history Lola exhibited unwonted reserve. "We hardly know," says Mr. D'Auvergne, "how this brief love story began; we are quite in the dark as to how it ended."

In the year 1844, when Lola Montez found her way to Paris, Victor Hugo, attended by a score of minor poets, daily appeared on his balcony to bow in response to the homage of the public; Balzac was dodging his creditors and the truant officers of the National Guard, and finding time to build up the immense edifice of the Human Comedy; Alexandre Dumas had just become a national institution by virtue of *Les Trois Mousquetaires* and *M. de Monte Cristo;* his son was laying the first foundations of his own distinguished career; Lamartine was divided between literature and politics; Alfred de Musset was wrecking his constitution by spasms of debauchery; and Eugène Sue was taking himself seriously as a social reformer, because of the stupendous success of *Les Mystères de Paris*. It was into this society of men of letters and art that Lola Montez found her way despite the fact that her stage career was far from being a great or even a successful one. But then it was her beauty and her audacity rather than her talent that enabled her to penetrate into the circle of the Olympians. The older Dumas of course fell passionately in love with her. Another of her admirers was the poet Méry.

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But finally her affections for the time settled upon Dujarier, the literary editor of *La Presse,* and there began the *liaison* which was responsible for the famous duel and Dujarier's death. The tragedy grew out of a jovial supper at the Frères Provencaux, to which both Lola and Dujarier were invited. A trifling dispute over a game of *lansquenet* led to a challenge being sent to Dujarier by De Beauvallon, the dramatic critic of the *Globe.* The men met in Bois de Boulogne on the morning of March 11, 1845, and at the first exchange of shots Dujarier fell with a mortal wound. But it was not in fair fight that the young journalist had come to his death. Before even he had been carried to his grave, with Balzac, Méry, Dumas, and De Girardin as his pallbearers, the suspicions of all his friends had been aroused. It was whispered that, contrary to all laws of duelling, De Beauvallon had tried the pistols the very morning of the duel, taking aim with them not once but a dozen times. At the ensuing trial it was proved that Dujarier had been the victim of a deliberate conspiracy and De Beauvallon and his second were found guilty and condemned to eight years' imprisonment.

Over the grave of Dujarier Lola is said to have exclaimed, "Farewell love!" But ambition revived as sentiment waned. Thanks to the legacy left to her by her dead lover, she had money enough for her immediate needs. She turned her steps toward Germany. Her wanderings finally led her to Munich, and Louis the First of Bavaria. Despite some very human weaknesses there were in Louis unquestionably elements of greatness. To him Germany owes its first railway and its first steamboat. The canal connecting the Danube with the Main, and affording thereby direct water communication between the North Sea and the Black Sea, bears his name, and was executed at his order. The Munich of modern times was mainly his creation. It was his ambition to make his capital a new Florence, and to carry out this design the strictest economy was introduced into all departments of the state.

Applying to the Court Theatre of Munich for a part Lola Montez was refused by the director, and in her rebuff saw the very opportunity she sought of bringing herself to the attention of a sovereign. She had made a few friends in the Bavarian capital, and through one of these, Count Rechberg, a royal aide-de-camp, she craved an audience of his Majesty. The king was indisposed to grant it. "Am I expected to see every strolling dancer?" he asked. "Your pardon, sire," replied the aide, "but this one is well worth seeing." Louis turned, and Lola Montez was standing before him. She had feared a refusal, and with characteristic audacity she had left the antechamber and entered the royal presence. In all her dazzling beauty she was bowing before the astonished king with downcast eyes and a smile of triumph at the corners of her mouth.

"I know not how—I am bewitched," so Louis said frankly to one of his ministers two days after this first interview. Her vision haunted him. He sought for an excuse to have her near him. He would learn Spanish, and Lola should be his teacher. The situation was ironical enough, seeing that Lola's knowledge of Spanish was of the slightest, yet she naturally did not refuse the offer. How much of Calderon and Cervantes was read is a matter of opinion, yet it was enough for Lola's purpose, for before very long she was the Countess of Landsfeld, the "uncrowned Queen of Bavaria." But having reached her apogee her imperious spirit was still restless. She was not content to pull the wires; she wanted the appearance of power, as well as its substance. She longed to display to all the world her talents as a ruler. From the beginning her influence had been opposed by the Jesuits, and she soon won the hostility of a powerful faction of the University.

Came the downfall. It was a time when the spirit of revolution was strong throughout Europe, and in Bavaria the revolutionary party perceived that this was the moment to strike. A weak concession on the part of Louis cost him his countess and his crown. On February 11, 1848, Munich was in insurrection. Dense masses of armed students and citizens surrounded the palace demanding the expulsion of Lola and the reopen-

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ing of the University, which had been closed at her instigation. Again the king yielded. He who had sworn that he would never give up Lola was prevailed upon to sign a decree for her banishment from Munich. The little adventuress was commanded to withdraw at once from the capital. She resisted to the utmost of her power. After an apparent departure, which took her to a wayside station, a few miles from Munich, she slipped back into the city, disguised in man's clothes, and sent a secret message to the king. It was useless. His Majesty refused to see her, and the officials bringing his reply read an order for her expulsion from Bavaria. Lola tore the document to pieces and threw them in the officials' faces. Not till they drew their pistols did she consent to obey. For a time she was kept, half a prisoner, at a place called Weinsberg, and then found an asylum in the Swiss city of Berne, from which she witnessed the complete downfall of the monarch who had so weakly deserted her.

The rest of the story is something of an anti-climax. The years spent in England, in America, and in Australia were the years of her St. Helena. Within eighteen months of her expulsion from Munich she had embarked upon another matrimonial venture, which led to her arrest on a charge of bigamy. Two years later, having practically exhausted the possibilities of the Old World, she came to America and resumed her stage career, appearing as the heroine of a dramatised version of her own life in Munich. It was thought that she would be a powerful attraction, but public curiosity was soon satisfied, and from New York she drifted to New Orleans, and thence across the Gulf of Mexico and on to the Golden Gate. The trail of the Argonauts led her from California to Australia. At Balarat she horsewhipped an editor who had spoken of her in uncomplimentary terms. It was almost the last outbreak of that fiery spirit. The closing years were pathetic in their contrast to what had gone before. The moralist may be pleased with the reformation that transformed the dazzling adventuress of other days into the sad woman, slightly tinged with what Mr. D'Auvergne calls "Yankee religiosity." But it was less a reformation than it was a confession of defeat—an acknowledgment that the old world was gone forever, and that she herself had been born a century too late.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

II

Hall Caine's "The White Prophet"*

Mr. Hall Caine is the victim of criticism. Whenever he publishes a book, critics spring up to attack him, and when he rises to defend the offspring of his industry, they point their fingers at him, and accuse him of shameless advertising methods. About literary criticism he preserves a dignified silence, so he assures the world, time and again, at the top of his voice; but when church and State denounce him, as is the case, according to his own statement, with *The White Prophet,* he feels that, as a third great power in the world, he must reply, and set himself right. Of the battle in England over this new book of his—613 pages long—no echo has reached us in this country (it would have been different a few years ago) beyond the information that the British Censor of Plays has forbidden the production of its dramatisation. Mr. Caine enlightens us in a "rejoinder to his critics," issued through his American publishers, from which we learn that (*a*) "an eminent Churchman" has accused him of "outraging one of the sanctities of the religious soul"; that (*b*) "a very distinguished Englishman," whose name Mr. Caine must not mention, has informed him that he has "incurred a very heavy responsibility, inasmuch as his book may increase the danger of riot and insurrection" in Egypt; that (*c*) Sir Edward Russell has objected to the story because it is "irresponsible alike in a literary and a political sense," its fictional facts and personages corresponding with nothing that has been done, and with nobody in charge, under British rule in Egypt; and that—take notice, reader!—(*d*) Mr.

*The White Prophet. By Hall Caine. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

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Caine has to thank "the correspondents, Moslem as well as Christian, who have written him" letters of warm encouragement, telling him that "the book has broadened the love of their fellow-men." Does Mr. Caine leave our curiosity as to the number of these correspondents unsatisfied? Indeed not, for in his final sentence he declares that "to have touched thousands of hearts is enough reward for me."

"Clever press agent work!" the cynic will scoff. Unworthy suspicion! We who have remained beyond the circumference of what, it can be plainly conjectured from Mr. Caine's defence, is a raging tornado in British administrative and Church circles, with the Nonconformist Conscience still to be heard from —we, who have been kept strangely in ignorance of this upheaval in much-agitated England by the correspondents of the American press, must admit that it was not only Mr. Caine's right but his duty toward himself, his book, his country and its church to reply to the accusation of striking at the root of religion and the Empire. Only, with the story before us, and at this distance, it looks as if Mr. Caine need not lose any sleep over the responsibility thrust upon him by the "distinguished Englishman" whom he must not name; but the English are a serious race. As for Sir Edward Russell, if he considers the matter of any importance, it must be said that the reader of the novel receives an unmistakably clear impression of the Lord Cromer of the Denshawai affair. And one agrees heartily with every word of protest that the "eminent Churchman" can possibly have said in the fire of his indignation.

In a prefatory "author's note"—it is always difficult to reach a discussion of Mr. Caine's books themselves, he furnishes so much preliminary matter that must be bored through—he declares that *The White Prophet* "is intended to be read as a work of fiction only," and from this point of view its great weakness is immediately seen to lie in the figure of the prophet himself, who is not in the least what Mr. Caine has so laboriously striven to make him—a Man sent of God, an inspired teacher and leader, but a mouthpiece for the sediment left in Mr. Caine's mind by much reading of speeches at peace and world's religious congresses. Mr. Caine is not a profound or a religious thinker. His prophet is, therefore, entirely unconvincing, unimpressive; he tells his readers that the man's words and appearance so powerfully influence a British colonel that for his sake he refuses to obey orders, assaults the Sirdar, and is discharged from the service; and that he makes an Englishwoman feel across space that he will come between her and her love. Mr. Caine tells us these things, but he cannot make us see them, understand them, much less feel them. And in the end we find, under all the painfully laboured simulation of exaltation and inspiration, but a sort of inferior Mad Mullah preaching peace, not the sword.

With the failure of its hero to convince, the whole book falls to the ground. But there is more to be said. "Read as a work of fiction only," *The White Prophet* looks like an ingenious revival of a dead *genre*—that of the early-Christian-martyr romance—by inverting it. The familiar characters and situations are simply made to change places, and there you are! Instead of the corrupt Pagan Empire of Rome, Mr. Caine gives us a corrupt Christian Empire of Great Britain in Egypt; for Nero and his flinty-hearted commander of the Prætorian Guards, he substitutes a British administrator and a Sirdar; and, *mutatis mutandis*, for the humble, obscure, persecuted early Christians, the mute fellaheen and the Arabs and Nubians of the desert. So far, so good.

Unfortunately, Mr. Caine, in seeking a model for his Prophet, has not been satisfied with a Timothy, a Peter, even, or a Paul: he tells us frankly, with inconceivable unconsciousness of his offence, that he has gone direct to the sacred central figure of the Gospel narratives, which he has clumsily, irreverently, offensively plagiarised, even unto the raising from the dead of the daughter of Jairus, unto Mary of Magdala, and—his worst transgression—the entry into Jerusalem. Of Mr. Caine's perfect seriousness, his good faith we

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need not doubt: it is the Philistine's very density that makes him the barbarian he is. One need not be an "eminent Churchman," not even a devout believer, to be roused to indignant protest: the thing is saturated with, it drips the vulgarest bad taste, which must offend the fastidiousness at least, if not the inherited reverence, of even an agnostic. It is some consolation to reflect that the "eminent Churchman" probably has a noble command of the majestic denunciatory phrases of the Hebrew Prophets.

The "love interest" of this stodgy mess, with its threatened miscegenetic complication, is a rank offence of another kind. One quotation must suffice. The well-born heroine, practically a captive in the White Prophet's hands (it is unnecessary to enter into details of plot), writes to her lover in Cairo, anxious for her fate: "Whatever I may be in my religion, I am no trinitarian in my love at all events!" This is Mr. Caine's ghastly conception of an English gentlewoman's reassuring playfulness.

C'est énorme! Gustave Flaubert would gasp whenever he heard of a particularly crass instance of the Philistinism which he studied with an almost abnormal fascination.

C'est énorme! Fortunately we now know the worst that Mr. Hall Caine can do. No living being, not even he himself, can surpass the enormity which he calls *The White Prophet*. His thousands of Christian and Moslem correspondents must make the best of that.

A. Schade van Westrum.

III

L. M. Montgomery's "Anne of Avonlea"*

To do a thing twice and to be as successful with the latter as with the former effort is apparently almost impossible to humanity. Either the second attempt is really not so good as the first, or else the rest of the world, mixing up its memories with subsequent fancies and glamours, is disappointed, however unjustly, with number two. Especially in books and their sequels does this statement hold. The sequel to a successful book is no other than a poor stepchild, labouring under invidious comparisons, sure only of being found fault with, damned before it is convicted.

Anne of Avonlea contains much the same gentle charm that made *Anne of Green Gables* so delectable a book. Anne is now past sixteen, which is evidently maturity in Prince Edward Island, and begins to teach school in the place where she herself was taught. Her old chums are similarly occupied in nearby villages; and she and they, with several of the old characters and some new ones, continue their hushed, secluded, leisurely lives in a way calculated to yield the reader weary of the steam riveter and the automobile, the career and the fad, a refreshing sense of peace. None of the problems of modern life enter the quiet pages. But there is plenty of sunshine and green shadow, of the timid and yet serene faith of untried youth, and not a little blue and silver love making. Childhood still pervades the pages, for Anne has her schoolful of youngsters, and Marilla adopts twins—twins as opposed as the poles and filling every waking hour with mischief perpetrated or endured.

There is a Miss Lavendar, sweet as her name, pretty, faded, full of quaint fancies, pretending people out of fairyland to fill her lonely life, and ending in a bloom of romance. And that is all. The book is as simple as a daisy, and if not quite as bewitching as the first we were given, the fault is doubtless with ourselves rather than the little flower.

Margaret Merwin.

*Anne of Avonlea. By L. M. Montgomery. New York: L. C. Page and Company.

IV

Marjorie Bowen's "The Leopard and the Lily"*

The whirring of the machinery is as painfully apparent in every page of Miss Bowen's last book as it is in a cheap talking machine behind the singer's voice. Miss Bowen wrote the *Viper of*

*The Leopard and the Lily. By Marjorie Bowen. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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Milan as a precocious child. She has since outgrown that condition, yet this work is as immature, as filled with set phrase and involved sentence, with the regular historic novel language as ever it was, while there is nothing to be discovered witnessing to the lady's growth in knowledge and wisdom.

The threads of the story are numerous and tangled, and much ingenuity is manifested in the reeling up of each one as the end approaches. There is a good deal of colour dashed in crudely but effectively, and some attempt at character drawing. Highflownness is, however, the most marked ingredient of the writer's style. The heroine is thus described:

For all her charm her lovers found her out. Perhaps she wearied first, despising them, for most wit was shallow compared to her own, most intellects feeble, and having thrown everything at the feet of the one she meant to please—her beauty, talent, wit and smiles—having flattered and cajoled, just too soon she tired or too soon she felt too sure and strove to please no more, and, the glamour of her acting gone, her untouched, scornful heart drove hence the wooer. She saw the world as mean and miserable, money as the only good. She coloured men and motives with her own scornful view, then sighed in a calm disdain to think what a sorry place it was.

She is loved by Gilles of Brittany, "who was younger and, for all his high gayety, simpler than her former lovers." She betroths herself to him unloving, ambitious solely, needing money and freedom. He goes away on a foreign mission and leaves her behind with his trusted friend. Strangely enough, friend and mistress fall in love, and there begins the struggle between duty and inclination, not unfamiliar to the novel reader. But her new lover is determinately honourable and she so perforce. Besides, he has a wife living, albeit she has deserted him and is busy living a life of crime.

Machinations are the order of the day. A huge fortune falls into Françoise's hands and the villain seeks her for his own, suppressing the letters of the absent Gilles and acting generally in a manner that leads one to suspect he has himself read tales of romance and adventure and is therefore quite up in all the proper villainy ways. At length he discovers that she loves Kristopher, the friend—a mole might have had his suspicions awakened by the lady—and taunts her with her faithlessness to Gilles, which she vehemently but by no means convincingly denies. Toward the middle of the book the proud Françoise betakes herself to serious thought.

The Future.

Françoise leaned her aching head against the chimney-place and faced it—at first she had not thought or cared in the pride and glory of her love—the one knowledge that he returned it filled her world—but now—she looked ahead with frightened eyes, her courage sinking—if she was true, if she gave him up and waited—what would it mean? a grey life—on the horizon no hope—and Kristopher—she might never see him again, but have to act the lie she had first smiled to Gilles to the end . . . she had no honour and knew it . . . she had cheated, schemed and lied to become a princess . . . torn out of her own heart into the light it was nothing more, and she could not complain of injustice, what she had asked had been given—and she wanted none of it—only this thing she had never reckoned on or known of—love.

There is no limit to the piled horrors, the murders, betrayals and fierce encounters between the various characters of the story. Françoise pays up, no doubt about that. Just how, and who it is that finally settles her score, we will not divulge. Sufficient to say that one emerges at *Finis* dripping with gore and convinced that times have materially improved, despite the modern havoc of motor-cars and ptomaines. A shivery, affected, unreal but exciting tale, nicely decked out in armour and velvet gown, and musical with ringing steel and galloping horse hoofs. For all its tawdriness it gives some real thrills, and any one wanting to kill time will find the book a useful A. D. C. in the task.

Hildegarde Hawthorne.

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THE PICTURE THAT CAUSED A WAR

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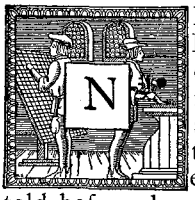
THE PICTURE THAT CAUSED A WAR

The Story of a Dutch Painting that had to do with the Re-taking of New Amsterdam by the Dutch in July, 1673



INE years after the Dutch lost New Amsterdam to the English they reconquered it. The full story of the incident that led to this important event has never been told before, because, until now, tradition lacked material evidence necessary to substantiate fact. At last this has been found. No longer will authorities on New York's early history slight, as unworthy of notice, the story of the picture that caused a war between the Dutch and the English and involved the destiny of Manhattan Island.

The Treaty of Breda, signed in July, 1667, brought England and the States-General to a theoretical peace. By its terms England lost to herself the valuable spice islands of the East, but gained, in exchange, all the territory of the Dutch in America, and turned New Amsterdam into New York.

The Dutch, indifferent to their American holdings, were glad enough to conclude so expensive a war. Whereas a former century had found them the foremost soldiers in the world, the long period of peace that followed left them unfitted in training to cope with the field adversaries of other nations, although their naval prowess still remained to their glory, a thing England, France and Spain regarded warily. However, the Dutch had cause to fear France, who had an eye on the Spanish Netherlands, to fear England, the friend of France, and to fear the resentment of Spain, the old enemy, a fear only lessened by Spain's equal hatred of the English and the French.

Now the Dutch were low in purse, while France was rich. The English were badly off and sought to borrow from the French. That seemed Louis XIV.'s opportunity. But he had no mind to run the risk of fighting Spain by entering into a direct quarrel with the Dutch over Spanish claims, for more likely than not, in that event, the Spaniards and the Dutch would join forces. As for the English, Louis scarcely dared alienate Charles II., who, if alarmed over France's aggression, might, in turn, join hands with the Dutch and invade France.

As for Charles, being without resources, he could do nothing independently. Louis and France were his only recourse, and already the French gave him hope of loans from them. It seemed to be Louis's game to try to make England fight the States-General, so that he, moving conveniently near under the domino of neutrality, might gobble the territory he had long coveted, without turmoil or trouble, and at slight cost. And so it happened that Charles, in his extremity, sought gold from Louis, and bargained to declare war against the Dutch if a pretext could be found.

But no pretext could be found. Charles and Louis scanned the horizon of Peace without detecting occasion, till at last, one fine day, English ingenuity outstripped even French subtlety and a pretext was found! This is Voltaire's story of it, in his *Age of Louis XIV:*

> The King of England reproached the Dutch with disrespect, "in not directing their fleet to lower the flag before an English ship; and they were also accused in regard to a certain picture, wherein Cornelis de Witt, brother to the Pensionary, was painted with the attributes of a conqueror. Ships were represented in the background of the piece, either taken or burnt. Cornelis de Witt, who had really had a great share in the maritime exploits against England, had permitted this trifling memorial of his glory; but the picture, which was in a manner unknown, was deposited in a chamber wherein scarce anybody ever entered. The English ministers, who presented the complaints of their king against Holland in writing, therein mentioned certain *abusive pictures.* The States, who always translated the memorials of ambassadors into French, having rendered *abusive* by the words *fautifs, trompeurs,* they replied, that they did not know

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what these *rougish pictures* (*ces tableaux trompeurs*) were. In reality it never in the least entered into their thoughts that it concerned the portrait of one of their citizens, nor did they ever conceive this could be a pretence for declaring war."

But it seems to have been. A century ago a vain search was made for such a picture, and when it could not be found historians decided to discredit the story as told by Voltaire and others, and for that reason it was left out of the histories that followed; thus do the Doubting Thomases tinker with the helplessness of Yesterdays.

After months of searching the writer

CORNELIS AND JAN DE WITT ASSASSINATED BY THE DUTCH MOB

From an old print

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has found this picture. That it should have dropped out of sight for centuries is not strange, as it fell into private hands and remained packed away much of the time until 1887. Then at a sale in Paris it was purchased by the Dutch Government, which, even now, does not guess the extraordinary historical interest this canvas possesses, but merely values it as an ordinarily good portrait of one of its heroes and martyrs. Whether or not it has been yet brought up from the storeroom of the Rijks Museum in Amsterdam the writer does not know, but as soon as these facts become public doubtless the Government will accord the painting an honourable place upon the walls of the museum. The canvas is over three by five feet, 41 x 60½ inches, to be exact, and is signed at the bottom, to the right, by the artist, Cornelis Bischop of Dordrecht.

C. Bischop Fecit 1663

Cornelis Bischop (or Bisschop, as the name sometimes appears) was a pupil of Ferdinard Bol, who had, at one time, and probably in the presence of his young pupil, painted a portrait of the Grand Pensionary, Jan de Witt, Cornelis de Witt's brother. When Dordrecht decided to honour the exploits of the younger brother, Bischop was naturally given the commission to paint the allegorical representation of the Dutch expedition to Chatham in 1667, with the portrait of Cornelis de Witt and the attributes of a conqueror painted in the foreground. It hung upon the walls of the Stadthuys, unnoticed, for by now the good Stadtholders had got used to it, and probably it would have been hanging there until this day but for the outcry of the Englishmen whom Charles II. had sent over to pry about. Not a detail escaped their notice, and the offending picture, hanging high in its dim corner, was hit upon by them as the necessary pretext to excuse a war declaration.

Perhaps it was a foreboding of unhappy days for the De Witts, for every one knows how the young Prince of Orange came to distrust them, and how, when the hapless Pensionary went to visit his brother Cornelis, who had been imprisoned, both were dragged forth and murdered. Up went the cry, "Orange Boven, De Witten onder!" Thus the Prince of Orange at twenty-two found himself master of the Dutch, and he courted the responsibility, for he was a young man without youth.

1673, a year after the murder of the De Witts, a few Dutch ships arrived under the shadow of the groves of Staten Island. Captain John Manning commanded the garrison at New York. Historians cannot seem to settle definitely his responsibility in letting the Dutch, thus arrived, retake Manhattan Island, but retake it they did, for England and the States-General were at war. The "pretext" had worked like a charm, and there was fighting everywhere. Louis XIV. was smiling under his peruke, for though he had been bound by treaty to aid the United Netherlands he seems to have managed to keep himself secure. Charity toward his memory leads one to refrain from comment on the way he did it. In the midst of it all Samuel Pepys, the entertaining old diarist, remarks: "In all things, in wisdom, courage, force, knowledge of our own streams, and success, the Dutch have the best of us and do end the war with victory on their side," for the war did end. Both sides were tired of the struggle, and only too glad to sign articles of peace at Westminster, 1674.

However, though the Dutch gained the spice islands, many will ask if that, considering the loss of New York, which they had so recently retaken, was, indeed, to be regarded in the light of a victory. It is doubtful if the Dutch would have signed the Treaty of Westminster at all if they had received news in time of the recapture of Manhattan Island. They knew nothing of the surrender of Captain Manning's post, neither did the English. With the De Witts alive things would have gone differently; but if the English had been offended by the portrait, the Prince of Orange had been equally offended by the prototype. One may well imagine the surprise of the little Dutch fleet when, just as it was pluming itself on having retaken the land of fat *bowjeries* for the States-General (looking forward, perhaps, to a gunpowder celebration in honour of their exploit, when they should return to The Hague),

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it learned the news of the peace, but above all when it learned that it must give back its conquest after all, as the seventh article of the Treaty of Westminster expressly bound the nations party to it as follows:

All lands, islands, cities, havens, castles, and fortresses, which have been or shall be taken by one party from the other during the time of this last unhappy war shall be restored to the former Lord and Proprietor in the same condition they shall be in at the time that this peace shall be proclaimed.

Thus did the Peace of 1674 give Manhattan Island again into the hands of the English and give to England an uncut selvage along the Atlantic side of the fabric of her colonial ambitions. But had the proud De Witts lived they would never have consented to the States-General sending that meek note of acquiescence to Charles II., wherein was written:

This demonstrates sufficiently to what a degree we wish to deserve your Majesty's affection; since we offer you the restitution of so considerable a conquest as New Netherland is, without hope of receiving anything in exchange for it.

Indeed, the Stadtholders went further. They took down the Allegory of Cornelis de Witt from the walls of the Dordrecht Stadthuys, that it might not again offend the English, and ignominiously sold it to a private buyer bound, possibly, for France, where Louis XIV., as Dryden remarked, still held idle thunders in his lifted hand, and where a new owner might be permitted to bring such a picture into Paris unmolested. After again turning up in Dordrecht, this time in the collection of H. de Kat, the portrait found its way to Paris in 1866 and figured in a private sale. It is certain that this picture was in Dordrecht between 1740 and 1775, for some time during that period a print of it was engraved by Simon Fokke after a copy from the original made by Aert Schouman, his contemporary. Although the writer has failed to find this print in European collections or elsewhere in America, the one here is reproduced from his own collection.

Gardner C. Teall.

COMMEMORATIVE PORTRAITS OF CORNELIS AND JAN DE WITT

From an early print of a contemporary medal

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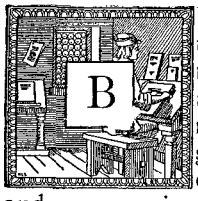
CHARLES DICKENS READING "THE CHIMES" TO HIS LITERARY FRIENDS
From a sketch by Maclise

FAMOUS LITERARY GROUPS



IRDS of a feather flock together," may be said to be a proverb specially applicable to literary men and women, whose greatest pleasure has ever been the meeting and comparing notes with kindred spirits, followers of the same strenuous profession as themselves. There have been famous literary gatherings when such giants in the world of letters as Walter Scott, Charles Dickens, and Robert Burns read their works aloud to a favoured company of friends, and fortunately some of these have been immortalised by the painter's brush. Such reunions as these belong unfortunately to a past time, for though writers still meet, and enjoy each other's society as of old, it must be confessed that the enormously increased output of books has brought a certain indifference with it. The publication of a book, even a great book, is no longer an event of almost national importance, as it was when Dickens, for example, was writing his marvellous series of novels, and the whole reading public was strung up to the highest state of excitement and expectancy when the publication of one was imminent. Then it was quite customary for an author to gather his literary friends together and read aloud to them the book about to be given to the world, receiving their criticism and advice before the final step was taken.

Charles Dickens, the most congenial of men, was specially fond of such literary parties. At Lincoln's Inn Fields on December 2, 1844, a memorable gathering of intimate friends surrounded him for the purpose of listening to *The Chimes*. Maclise, the talented young artist, was among those present. Mac, as Dickens affectionately called him, ever full of high spirits, good humour and fun, was considered indispensable at these first readings, and on this occasion, he, as Forster puts it, "anticipating the advice of Captain Cuttle, made a note of it in pencil." Forster assures us of the per-

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fect fidelity of the sketch with allowances for just a touch of caricature of which he declares he is himself the chief victim. "In the grave attention of Carlyle, the eager interest of Stanfield and Maclise, the keen look of poor Laman Blanchard Foxe's rapt solemnity, Jerrold's skyward gaze and the tears of Harness and Dyce," Forster assures us the characteristic parts of the scene are sufficiently rendered.

Dickens, who was staying in Italy at the time, had braved the hardships of a long fatiguing journey across the Continent in midwinter for the pleasure of reading *The Chimes* to his friends before it was published. At the close of a long letter to Forster he humorously confesses this to be the real reason for what seemed an unnecessary outlay of both strength and money. "I confess to you," he writes, "I particularly want Carlyle above all to see it before the rest of the world when it is done. I should like to inflict the little story on him and on dear old gallant Macready with my own lips and to have Stanny and the other Mac sitting by. Now if you was a real gent, you'd get up a little circle for me one wet evening when I come to town and would say, 'My boy, would you give us that little Christmas book (a little Christmas book of Dickens, Macready, which I am anxious you should hear) and don't slur it now or be too fast, Dickens, please.' I say if you was a real gent something to this effect might happen. I shall be under sailing orders the moment I have finished and I shall produce myself (please God) in London on the very day you name for one week to the hour."

It is interesting to note, from a later letter, that he was very anxious Mrs. Carlyle should be present. "Carlyle indispensable," he writes, "and I should like his wife of all things; her judgment would be invaluable." From the sketch by Maclise, however, it is apparent that Mrs. Carlyle was not present. The reason for her absence must be a matter for conjecture, as Forster affords no explanation.

That the gathering was a perfect success we can judge from Dickens's reply to Forster's expressions of sorrow that he should have had so long and trying a journey for so short a time. "I would not," he exclaims, "recall one inch of the way to or from you, if it had been twenty times as long and twenty times as wintry. It was worth any travel, anything! With the soil of the road in the very grain of my cheek, I swear I wouldn't have missed that week, that first night of our meeting, that one evening of the reading at your rooms, ay and the second reading, too, for any easily stated or conceived consideration."

To the talented Scottish artist, Mr. Martin Hardie, we are indebted for a beautiful representation of one of the most striking scenes in the world of letters, that in which the peasant poet, Robert Burns, read his poems aloud in the house of the lovely Duchess of Gordon, to a brilliant gathering of men and women, leaders at that time in the world of fashion and of literature. The painting, entitled "Burns Reading his Poems before a Literary Gathering at the Duchess of Gordon's, Edinburgh, 1787," was executed in commemoration of the centenary of Burns's visit to Edinburgh. The artist had innumerable difficulties to overcome. Sixteen characters are introduced, and it was no small matter to obtain reliable portraits of all these; fortunately Nasmyth's famous portrait of Burns, and Sir Joshua Reynolds's of the Duchess of Gordon, were excellent material from which to work, while Blair, Tytler and Ferguson had been painted by Sir Henry Raeburn.

The moment chosen for representation in the picture is the close of the poet's recital of "A Winter's Night," the final stanza of which reads:

But deep this truth impressed my mind,—
Through all His works abroad,
The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God.

Mr. Martin Hardie's companion picture, "The Meeting of Burns and Scott," is as beautiful and full of interest as the other. The memorable meeting of these two great men took place under Dr. Adam Ferguson's hospitable roof in Sciennes House, Edinburgh. Dr. Ferguson was in the habit of holding a conversazione once a week at his house, for

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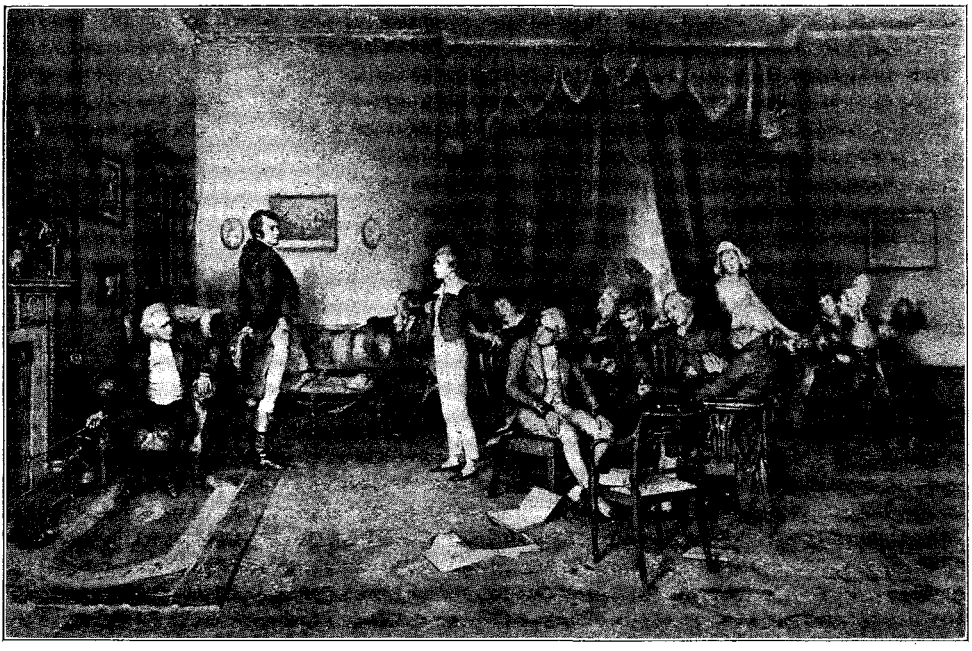
his literary friends, and to one of these interesting gatherings Professor Stewart brought Robert Burns. Black, Hutton, Blair and John Hume were among the great literary men present on that occasion, also Walter Scott, a lad of sixteen, then quite unknown, who had come through his young friend, Adam Ferguson, the Professor's son. Burns's attention was attracted by a picture on the wall, representing a soldier lying dead upon the snow, his dog sitting in misery on one side, on the other his anv one could tell him the author of these lines. "It chanced," says Sir Walter Scott, "that nobody but myself remembered that they occur in a half forgotten poem of Langhorne's, called by the unpromising title of 'The Justice of the Peace.' I whispered my information to a friend present, who mentioned it to Burns, who rewarded me with a look and word, which though intended in mere civility I then received and still recollect with great pleasure." Burns, on receiving the desired information,



THE MEETING OF BURNS AND SCOTT IN SCIENNES HOUSE, EDINBURGH

ADAM FERGUSON BURNS SCOTT JOSEPH BLACK (Chemist)
FERGUSON, jr. ADAM SMITH JOHN HOME
DUGALD STEWART JAS. HUTTON (Geologist)

widow with his child in her arms. Burns, his eyes full of tears, read aloud the lines underneath the print:

Cold on Canadian hills or Minden's plain
Perhaps that parent wept her soldier slain,
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery baptised in tears.

Turning to the company, Burns asked if fixed a look of half-serious interest on Scott while he said, "You'll be a man yet, sir." The moment when Burns has turned to address these strangely prophetic words to Scott has been chosen for representation in the painting.

A very picturesque and well-known group is that of Sir Walter Scott and his family, with Sir Adam Ferguson and an old retainer masquerading as South country peasants. The original of the painting, executed by Sir David Wilkie for Sir Adam Ferguson, is now

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in the National Gallery, Edinburgh. It was painted while the artist was on a visit to Scott at Abbotsford, to which he had received a very cordial invitation. "I hope on your return from the Highlands," Scott wrote to him, "that you will pay me a visit. I have my hand in the mortar tub, but I have a chamber in the wall for you, besides a most hearty welcome."

Sir David Wilkie had rather a trying time at Abbotsford, as the house was

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS FAMILY, WITH SIR ADAM FERGUSON, MASQUERADING AS SCOTT'S COUNTRY PEASANTS
Painted by Sir David Wilkie at Abbotsford

full of guests and his host's time entirely occupied in riding, driving and entertaining indoors, so that he never seemed to have a spare moment to sit for his portrait. How Scott always found time in the midst of his arduous, one might almost say herculean literary labours, for so much recreation and for the exercise of so much hospitality, must ever remain a mystery.

Beginning from the left of the picture the figures in order are—Lady Scott, Miss Ann Scott, Miss Sophia Scott, Sir Walter Scott, Charles Scott, younger son (the old retainer is seen standing behind him), Sir Adam Ferguson, and Walter Scott, eldest son. The painting was exhibited at the Royal Academy of 1818, and was visited by George IV. In connection with this incident Scott told an amusing story. The old retainer in the picture, named Thomas Scott, was very jealous of a neighbour who gave himself great airs of superiority on the strength of having once seen the King. After the painting had been exhibited, Thomas walked over one day to his rival's cottage. "Andro, man," said he, "did ye once see the King?" "In troth did I, Tam," answered Andro, delighted to tell the story all over again, "sit down and I'll tell ye a' aboot it. Ye see I was at Lunnon, in a place they ca' the Park—Hoot awa',' said Thomas, 'I have heard a' that before, I only came o'er the Knowe to tell you that if you have seen the King, the King has seen me!'" "And so," Scott says, "he returned with

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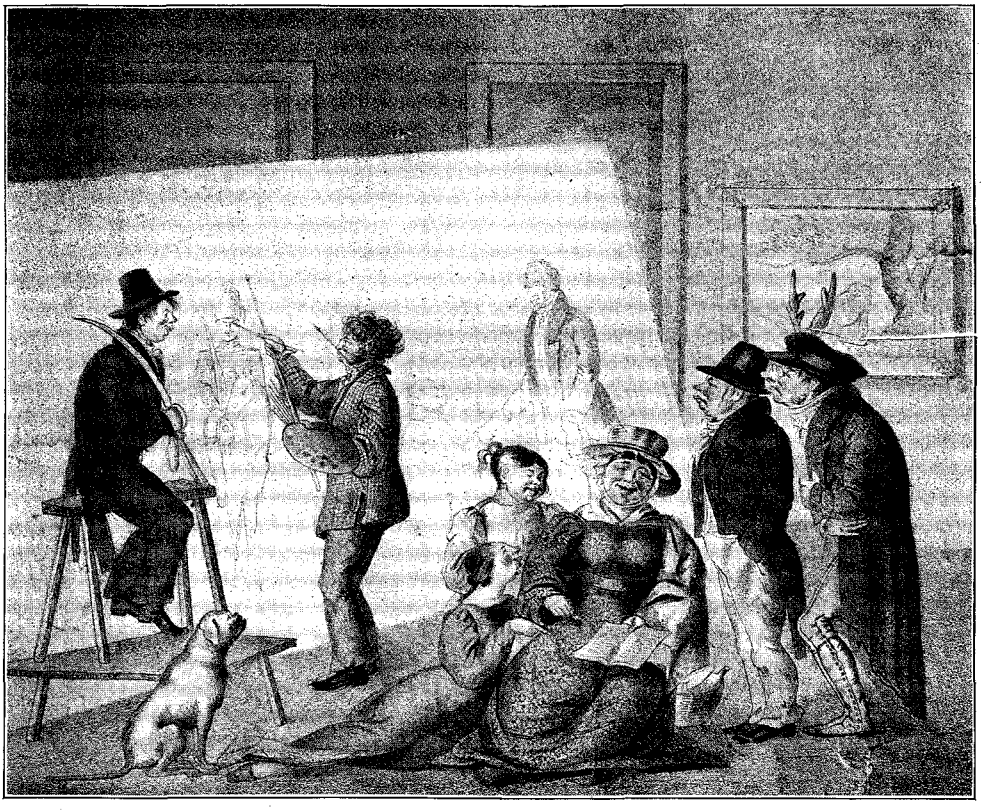
a jocund heart, assuring his friends 'it had done him muckle guid to settle accounts with Andro.' "

Of even greater interest from a strictly literary point of view is Thomas Faed's painting of Sir Walter Scott and his literary friends at Abbotsford, now in the possession of Captain Dennistoun of Golfhill. It was painted from authentic portraits and is intended to represent Sir Walter Scott reading the MS. of *Waverley* to his friends. Among the great men present are Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, Mackenzie, the man of feeling, Crabbe, Lockhart (Scott's son-in-law), Wordsworth, Lord Jeffrey, Adam Ferguson, Thomas Moore and Thomas Campbell.

In the year 1830 a remarkable series of character portraits of the most celebrated literary men of that period was commenced in *Fraser's Magazine*. These were contributed by the gifted Maclise under the pen name of Alfred Croquis. That it was a brilliant time in the world of letters this gallery of portraits, as it was called, was quite sufficient to prove. The original sketches for many of these portraits now form part of the Forster Collection at South Kensington Museum. Five years later, in 1835, a picture, entitled "The Fraserians," appeared in the magazine, in which twenty-seven portraits of celebrated literary men, who had nearly all appeared singly in "the gallery," are skilfully grouped together round a table, supposed to be dining together in great harmony and good fellowship. A witty article accompanied the picture describing this supposed feast of reason and flow of soul. Speeches are made, toasts proposed, songs are sung. "After much deliberation," says the writer, "it was



AN AMERICAN ENGRAVING CARICATURING MRS. TROLLOPE AND HER FAMILY, WHO OFFENDED AMERICANS BY HER "DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE AMERICANS"

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resolved that we should meet together and dine. We met at a round table to prevent quarrels about precedence. Believe us, we had not thought of the supremacy of Arthur at the time we chose *la table ronde*. We conversed most picturesquely on everything that occurred, but literature and politics were, as might naturally be expected, the staple commodities of our conversation. The time the artist has chosen is when Dr. Maginn has thought proper to get up to make a speech." To the right of Maginn (one of the originators of *Fraser's Magazine*) are the Rev. Edward Irving, Maloney, Gleig, Sir E. Brydges, Carlyle and Count d'Orsay. On his left hand, Cornwall, Southey, Percival Banks, Thackeray, Churchill, Murphy, Macnish, Ainsworth. Opposite are Coleridge, Hogg, Galt, Dunlop, Jerden, Fraser, Croker, Lockhart, Theodore Hook, Brewster and Moir.

Exactly a year after the publication of *The Fraserians,* in January, 1836, a companion picture appeared in the magazine, entitled "Regina's Maids of Honour," a very unique and interesting group of the most distinguished literary women of that period. All were contributors to *Fraser's Magazine,* whose portraits had, with one or two exceptions, appeared singly, like those of the men, in its pages. "Behold a company," writes the witty describer of the picture, "every one a lovely she, very busy making tea or coffee as the chance may be."

Mrs. Norton, poet and novelist, afterward Mrs. Stirling Maxwell, represented with an open book in her hand, was a strikingly handsome woman, the second of the three beautiful granddaughters of Sir Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Standing beside her is the gay, extravagant, and talented Countess of Blessington, a prolific novel writer, but probably best known for her *Conversations with Lord Byron.* Her Salon at Gore House, Kensington, was very famous, and was frequented by many of the well-known literary men and women of her day. Busily stirring her tea we see Jane Porter, author of *The Scottish Chiefs.* Next to her, Harriet Martineau, gravely meditating, her pale, intellectual face in striking contrast to the round, pleasant countenance of dear little Miss Mitford of *Our Village* fame, who is contentedly and placidly sipping her tea. Yet Mary Mitford's life was by no means so easy and uneventful as her appearance and writings might lead one to imagine.

REGINA'S MAIDS OF HONOUR

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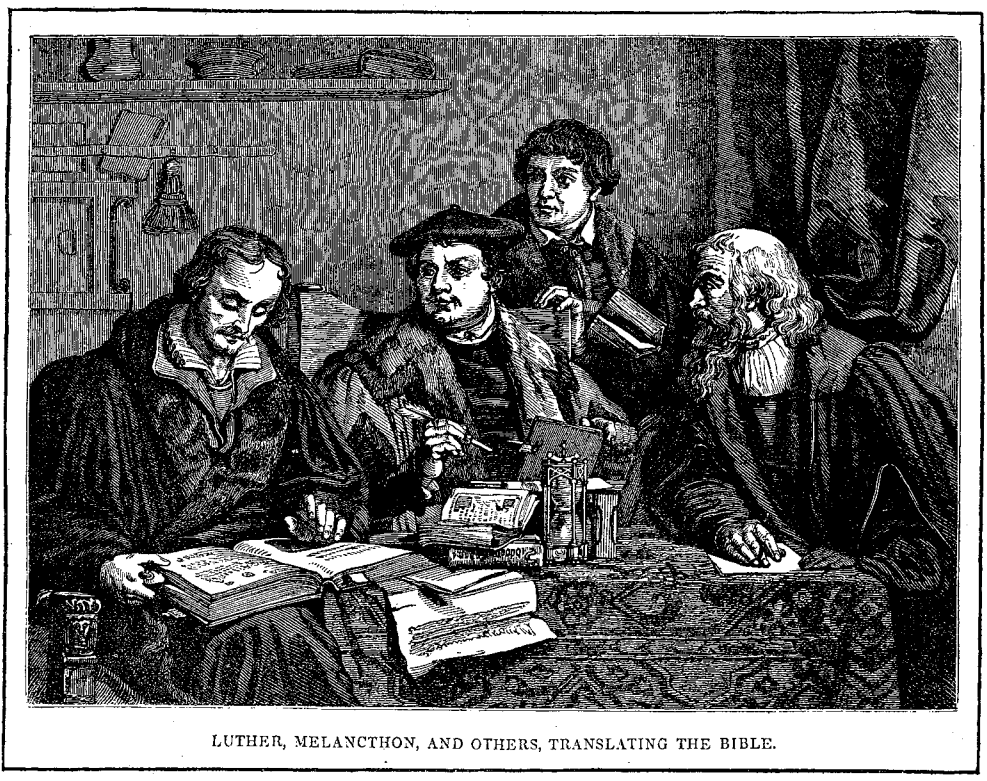
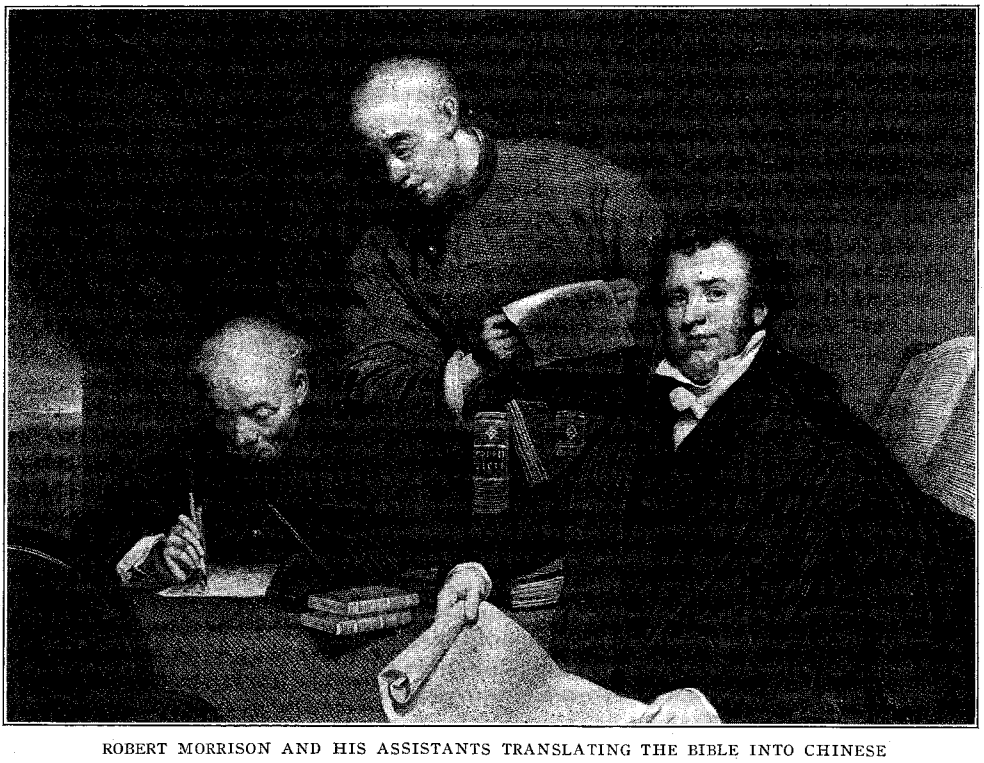


LUTHER, MELANCTHON, AND OTHERS, TRANSLATING THE BIBLE.



ROBERT MORRISON AND HIS ASSISTANTS TRANSLATING THE BIBLE INTO CHINESE

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Dame fortune played her some strange tricks. As a child of ten she gained the enormous prize of £20,000, by a lottery ticket which her father, a physician of very extravagant habits, had bought for her. This unexpected fortune seems to have melted away with astonishing rapidity, for when Mary left school she was forced to begin a life of hard work. By means of writing she nobly did her best to help to support the family. Her father died in difficulties, a subscription was raised to pay off his debts, and she obtained a pension of £100 from the Government. Mrs. Hall (Anna Marion Fielding), so well known for her sketches and stories of the Irish peasantry, sits on Miss Mitford's left hand, and on Mrs. Hall's right hand is seated Miss Letitia Elizabeth Landor (L. E. L.), novelist, whose tragic death from an overdose of prussic acid took place just two years after the publication of the picture. Next her, with elegant headdress and feathers, sits the lively Lady Morgan. Two ladies, seen in the background, arranging their toilets before the mirror, are passed over without comment by the describer of the picture. We can only conjecture that they were anonymous contributors to *Fraser's Magazine,* whose identity was wrapped in mystery.

A dramatic literary meeting is the one depicted in the picture of Dr. Johnson, reading *The Vicar of Wakefield* in Goldsmith's lodging. Poor Goldsmith was in very low waters when he sent an urgent message early one morning to Dr. Johnson praying for help. First sending him a guinea for immediate necessities, the Doctor hurriedly dressed and set off for Goldsmith's lodging, to find the poet in a furious passion of rage and distress, his landlady having had him arrested for his rent. "I per-

DR. JOHNSON READING OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S "THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD"

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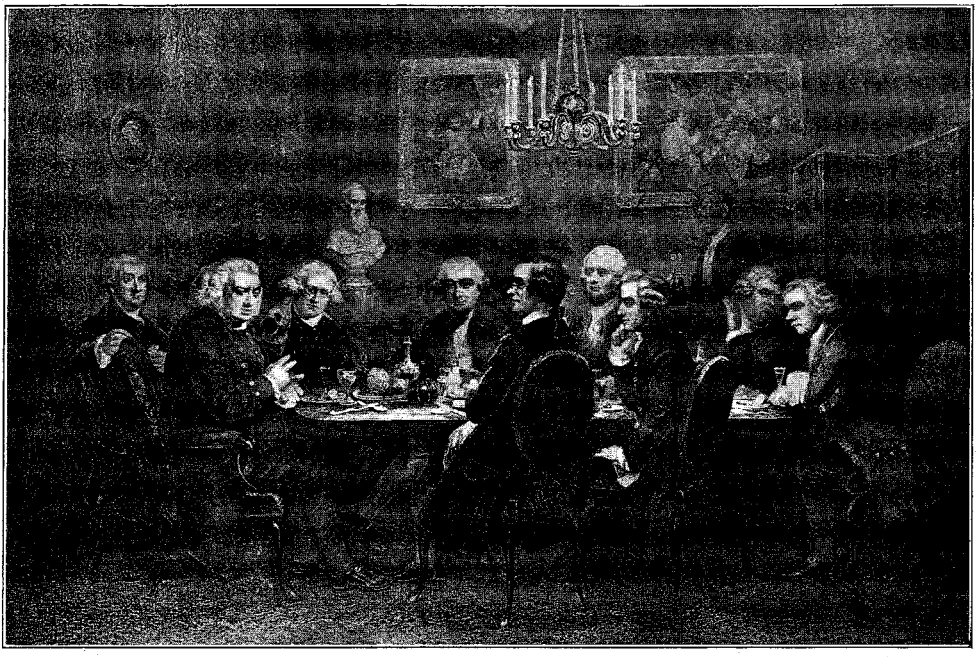
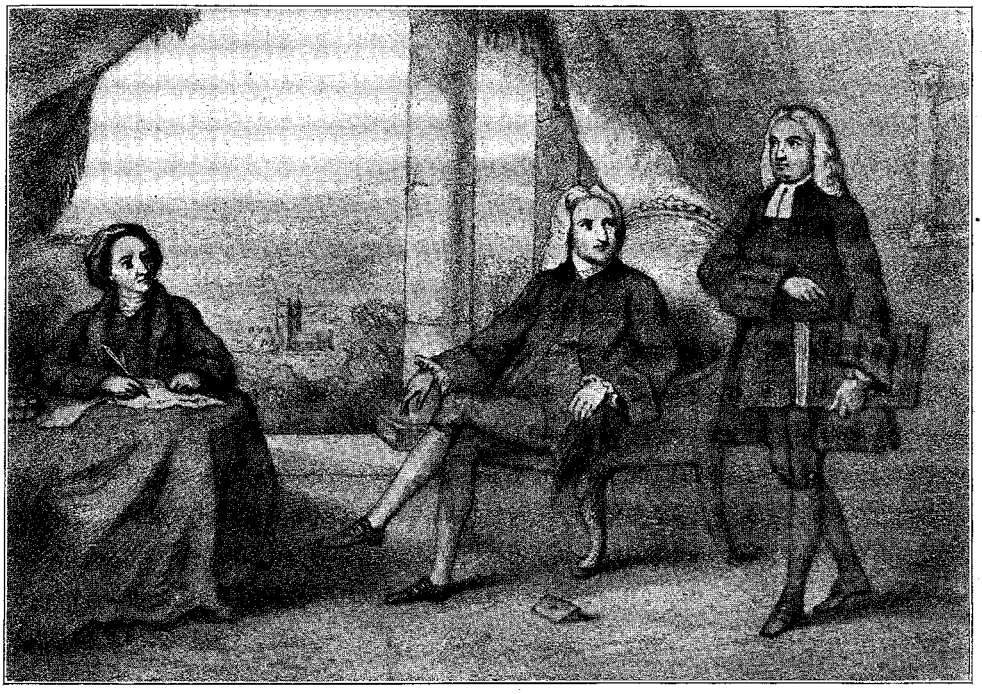


A LITERARY GROUP AT SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'

BOSWELL REYNOLDS GARRICK GOLDSMITH
JOHNSON BURKE WARTON



POPE, ALLEN, AND BISHOP WARBURTON AT PRIOR PARK

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ceived," says Dr. Johnson, "that he had already changed my guinea and got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it and saw its merits; told the landlady I would soon return, and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."

The furtive expression of the bailiffs in the background of the picture, and the landlady's sullen, determined look and uncompromising attitude are splendidly depicted by the artist, as well as the calm, judicial manner in which Dr. Johnson is reading the MS., regardless of Goldsmith's wild excitement and the general disturbance in the room.

In a famous painting by James E. Doyle, "A Literary Party at Sir Joshua Reynolds," we have a very characteristic group. Dr. Samuel Johnson, as usual the centre of attraction, is evidently pouring out words of wisdom, while Reynolds, holding up his ear trumpet, Boswell, Garrick, Goldsmith, and all the others listen with absorbed attention to the great man's utterances. In the year 1764 Sir Joshua Reynolds founded the literary club of which Dr. Johnson, Garrick, Burke, Goldsmith, Boswell and Sheridan were members, so that many happy and memorable meetings, such as the one depicted in the painting, took place. At the foot of the table, address-

A LITERARY GROUP AT SAMOA

MRS. STEVENSON, SR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
LLOYD OSBOURNE MRS. R. L. STEVENSON
MRS. STRONG
AUSTIN STRONG

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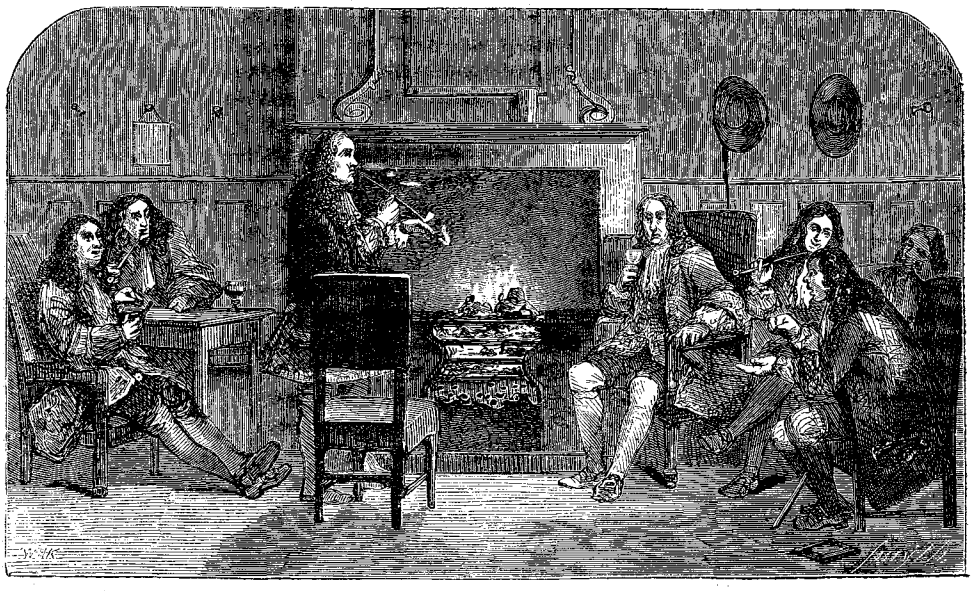

WILL'S COFFEE HOUSE, A FAMOUS MEETING PLACE FOR LITERARY MEN, DRYDEN IN THE CHAIR

ing some confidential remark to Goldsmith, is the poet, Thomas Warton, famous for his history of English poetry, who afterward became Poet Laureate.

A quaint little group is that of Pope, Allan and Warburton. Mr. Allan, known as "the man of Bath," kept open house for literary men at his palatial residence of Prior Park. Philanthropic and generous to a degree, many a struggling author had reason to be grateful for his help and patronage. No man, it is said, ever made a more noble use of an ample fortune or did it more quietly and unassumingly. This virtue of Allan was celebrated by Pope in the well-known lines:

Let humble Allan with an awkward shame
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

Mr. Allan owed his enormous fortune entirely to his own unaided exertions, for he began life as a poor clerk in a country post office. He wrought quite a revolution in postal arrangements by his institution of Cross Posts, and owing to the contracts he entered into the Government with in connection with these, he became within twenty years one of the wealthiest men in the country. He may be said to have been the Henniker Heaton of that day, and in every sense of the word a remarkable man.

Pope was for many years an almost constant inmate of Prior Park during the Bath season. Through him Warburton, then a simple country clergyman, obtained an invitation from Allan to come to Prior Park. This meeting, the one represented in the picture, proved to be a memorable one, for through it Warburton's fortune was made. He grew to be a great favourite and close friend of Mr. Allan, and eventually married his niece, the heiress of Prior Park. Then, in 1757, through Mr. Allan's influence with Mr. Pitt, he was appointed to the Deanery of Bristol, and in 1760, through the same interest, became Bishop of Gloucester.

Agnes H. Brown.

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"DIAMOND CUT PASTE"

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE

BOOK III—One Night

CHAPTER VI

ERTRUDE Esdale intended to walk from the garden into the library straight upon the couple, without disguising her purpose of surprising them. She told herself that a single glance would be sufficient at this juncture. Let her but meet Reginald's eyes once and she would know all there was to know. But there are times when mere circumstances seem to guide even the most determined; when the most honourable will become victim to an equivocal position rashly entered upon.

Even as Lady Gertrude crossed the threshold of the open French window into the room of the rendezvous she paused and stood listening—an eavesdropper upon her husband and her guest! It was incredible, yet it seemed as if she could not have done otherwise.

Emerald's voice, with its clear, deliberate enunciation, was ringing out plaintively, and it was the sound of her own name which brought Lady Gertrude to an involuntary and abrupt standstill. The creature was talking of her, and to her own husband!

"I felt, from the first, that Lady Gertrude never wished to have me here." This was the phrase, followed by the same accents of mellifluous lament. "Oh, I know, I know; you meant it for the best, dear friend, dear friend, in making your wife invite me. But it was a mistake. Oh, you have felt it was a mistake as much as I have! How often I have been on the point of packing my trunks and running away, but for the thought of you!"

Here there was an inarticulate disclaimer from Sir Reginald, the sense of which was lost to Lady Gertrude. Her heart was beating tumultuously; alternate waves of heat and chill passed over her. After all, she had never really doubted; even in this recent moment of bitterness. It had been no more than surface pessimism, to which the most even-tempered may succumb, and which is as different from the actuality as a picture is from life.

She would have been more or less than human had she not now taken the opportunity that Fate offered to assure herself of the extent of her own misfortune; but the tone almost more than the words of her rival filled her with a sickening dread of what she was about to learn.

"Yes, yes, it has been an impossible situation," Emerald was pursuing; "and fire and ice would sooner amalgamate than your wife and I. The strain has been intolerable—forgive me if I have seemed to fail you; I, your little friend, *mon preux*."

Gertrude bit her lip to keep the honest indignation from breaking forth in a cry. She must hear him speak, must hear his guilt in his own words, before she could break in upon them. When Sir Reginald did speak at last, it was in very embarrassed and inconclusive sentences:

"Really, you know—really, I'm very sorry, but I'm afraid I don't quite know what you mean—really, Mrs. Lancelot——"

It was almost as if he had known there was a listener. The other responded quickly; this time with passion, wounded and indignant.

"You do not know! Oh, Sir Reginald, how have I deserved this tone from you? What has come between us? Since when am I 'Mrs. Lancelot' to you? What have I done? Oh, I cannot bear it! I felt I must speak to you to-night; must break down this horrible barrier. I told myself that a word would be enough between you and me—and now . . . if you fail me, where am I to turn? Oh, Reginald, after all we have been through together; all the sadness, the suffering

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. . . and the joy, let us at least be truthful to each other."

Then Sir Reginald spoke indeed. The words fell from his lips, at first with a painful effort, but he went on manfully in spite of his own embarrassment, and gradually gained ever more in dignity and assurance.

"Look here, my dear, perhaps you're right; it is better that we should be truthful—that I, at least, should be truthful to you. I'm afraid that in the separation from my wife, I have drifted into foolish ways with pretty women—it's been a little bit my way all my life, I'm afraid. But when Gertrude and I are together, well—somehow, it doesn't seem of any consequence, for she knows how little it all means in reality."

Gertrude could hear Emerald's breath drawn hissingly within. The fierce beating of her own pulses subsided. An extraordinary sense of peace and soothing came over her. Her husband's voice continued:

"When I was ill, you were good to me, very good to me; and I was, and I am, very grateful to you, and we had a very pleasant friendship. But, my dear little madame"—it was the last time that he was to use that affectionate appellation—"when you came here, under this roof, in response to my wife's invitation, somehow it has been borne in on me, with increasing conviction, that a man in loyalty to his wife can only have one woman friend—herself. That is, if a man loves his wife as I do mine."

Sir Reginald's accents, which had waxed severe to harshness, from the very effort this declaration imposed upon him, ended by being unexpectedly broken. From her post as eavesdropper in the dark, Gertrude had a sudden vision of his countenance, stamped with emotion. Her heart melted to him—suddenly, maternally. Poor Reginald, with his little affectations, his poses, his easy vanity, his bad French and his flirtations! After all, it was the nature of a child; after all, it was honest to the core. With the best will, and every opportunity, he was not made for intrigue.

And while she rejoiced and was moved over him tenderly, something within her cringed and winced for this other woman's humiliation. She wished now she had gone in boldly upon them at the beginning and saved her from it. In the pause that came she felt herself grow ever more crimson and discomfited. That waltz-tune swinging in the distance, she thought, how sickeningly it must beat on those shamed ears, when dropping into the silence, like a shower of pebbles into a dark pool, came the divided ripple of Emerald Fanny's laughter.

Little madame laughed! If her mirth sprang from a seething depth of rage, and rang acidly under its sweetness, there was, nevertheless, some genuine amusement in it. She had made a final attempt to recover lost ground, but she was too skilful a strategist not to have left herself a line of retreat. Had Sir Reginald been less absorbed in his own side of the question, he might have wondered why, ever and anon during this momentous conversation, his companion's little white hand should have wandered to the bodice of her dress, as if feeling for something concealed. Now, as she laughed, she pressed her fingers among the laces, and an answering crackle of paper stimulated her to a fresh peal.

"Oh, my dear Sir Reginald, please forgive me; I really cannot help it, it is too droll! Oh, I wonder, I do wonder what you mean? Surely, ha, ha, ha, what an absurd misunderstanding! Oh, I'm sure you really cannot realise the impression you are giving me!"

Here she broke off, and suddenly grew grave. "Is it possible," she exclaimed in a tone admirably blended of surprise and sorrow, "that you—you mingled some unworthy thought to the friendship I deemed so pure; the friendship upon which I relied as upon a brother's," her voice deepened and thrilled; "you whom I called *mon preux;* you whom I had thought sent to me by *him*——"

Sir Reginald could have covered his ears to shut out the words he knew were coming: "Sent to me in my desolation!" . . . How they nauseated him!

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The tables were turned upon him with a vengeance. His lips parted to speak, but closed upon an inarticulate sound. How, indeed, defend himself or explain, against the odious subtlety of this attack? At this very righteous moment of his existence, he stood convicted of the most unpardonable absurdity a man can commit! He was the unnecessary Joseph! Who would not rather be a Don Juan of utterly remorseless type?

"And did she, your wife, think this horrible thing too?" pursued the widow, shrill in her advantage. "Oh, this explains all, all that has made me suffer so much, all that has puzzled me in this house to which I came so gratefully, so confidingly! Oh, Sir Reginald!"

That dove-moan almost provoked the eavesdropper to step forward at last, only upon the second thought she refrained; she could not expose her husband to further humiliation.

"Mink, indeed!" thought Lady Gertrude, with humorous recollection of Fräulein's apostrophe. She dared not move away lest, at this juncture, she be discovered; perhaps she had no very keen desire to do so before the natural end of the scene—the scene that had threatened such tragedy for her and was being wound up in comedy. Poor Reginald—it was scarcely agreeable to him perhaps, yet comedy it undoubtedly was!

"Oh," pursued the enchantress, and regret was now the dominant key, "how I wish I had not spoken to you to-night; how I wish I had been able to leave this place with all my illusions. *He* used to say to me—how often—that I was too trusting, too innocent! Oh, do you remember, only a few days ago in the woods, how I called myself your little sister? And all the time you——" She shuddered artistically and effectively. Lady Gertrude could hear the shudder in her voice. Sir Reginald laid his handkerchief to his brow.

Afterwards he wondered what beneficent genie had kept the little fiend—such had his *petite madame* actually become in his eyes!—from recalling in further detail all that had taken place . . . a few days ago in the woods.

He tried to put an end to the situation. He rather thought he would have to go back to the ball-room. It was an inept and awkward attempt, a miserable evasion, almost a confession of guilt, and so he felt the instant he had spoken. He was altogether delivered into her hands; those delicate little hands, beringed by him, now turned into harpy claws to torment him, to rend him in his most intimate susceptibilities.

"No, Sir Reginald," said the widow with dignity, "you owe it to me, I owe it to myself, that you should understand why I begged for this interview—else, who knows," an acid titter ran through her words again, "you might always imagine that I approved of—that I shared, perhaps, your unfortunate"—she laughed once more—"your ideas of friendship!"

So, after all, it seemed as if Sir Reginald was no longer the unnecessary Joseph, but the base Don Juan. He hardly found the metamorphosis more consoling, as he re-seated himself in gloomy silence. Emerald drew the letter she had been hiding from her breast. —"I had wanted to consult you about this."

"That?" said Sir Reginald stupidly, staring at the big white envelope with its sprawling crest.

"Yes, this," repeated the other. "I think you had better read it."

"I?" said he, amazed.

"Yes, I insist."

"But really," cried the poor man, feeling inwardly exasperated almost to tears, that a worm will turn—"I'd much rather not, Mrs. Lancelot. I can't see," he was about to add, "that it is any business of mine," when, with her viper-like quickness and acumen, she forestalled the utterance:

"However painful it may be to you, you must read it, Sir Reginald. I demand that you should see the proof that, on my side, there was innocence, complete and unsuspecting innocence in our friendship."

She tendered the letter toward an unresponsive hand. Then, on a new

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thought: "So be it; I will read it to you," she exclaimed majestically, "since you will persist in this cruel and distressing attitude."

And the General, unable to defend himself from the charge of headlong, illicit passion without once more becoming entrenched within the absurd ramparts of masculine virtue, was obliged to lend an unwilling ear.

BEACONSFIELD LODGE,
PAISLEY, 19th June.

MY DEAR EMILY:

read the lady, then she paused. "My cousin, Mr. McCracken, has an old-fashioned liking for simple names, "she remarked in a dignified parenthesis, "he prefers Emily to Emerald." (She spoke as if it were a mere matter of taste, and did not add that her godfathers and godmothers had had a similar preference.) "'My dear Emily,'" she repeated, and her musical voice took a sentimental inflection over the prosaic name that gave it all the emotion of an endearment:

Yours to hand of the 15th. Glad to hear of your safe arrival in England.

I note your address in London and also that you say you will be pleased to see me. I take it that you do not suggest this journey south for me without the assumption that we shall do business at the end of it. Dear Emily, I have not changed in my feelings toward you, and I need not repeat them here; but if I understand your letter aright, there is a considerable alteration in your sentiments toward me. If this be the case, I think I can promise that you will not regret it.

Your affectionate cousin,
JOHN MCCRACKEN.

The widow read this remarkable document with inflections of voice that would have become Romeo's declaration to Juliet in her balcony.

"My cousin John," she explained airily; "a millionaire—one of our merchant princes——"

(The flaming letters of a flaming poster: *"McCracken's Oaten Cracknells,"* danced through Sir Reginald's dizzy brain. He was beyond laughter. But behind the screen Gertrude was shaken with irrepressible mirth.)

The glib tones were running on: "Passionately, passionately attached to me. Poor John, I nearly broke his heart once!"

"But now you will mend it," said the General, rude for perhaps the first time in his life, and rose with an abruptness of movement that amounted to roughness.

It was Emerald's oportunity for an exit in character. She rose also, in well-simulated terror:

"Sir Reginald . . . this violence! Oh, how terrible this all is! I will leave to-morrow. No, no, do not speak. Do not come after me! Indeed, this must be the end!"

She fluttered forth. There was a crackle of paper as she pressed Mr. John McCracken's business letter to her lips; a floating murmur of "John—protector!" and "little madame" passed out of the room, and, as she had announced, out of Sir Reginald's life. Her emeralds flashed as the lights in the hall struck on them.

The whilom *preux* might have had a smile for the fluid adaptability of the lady; for her charming neglect of mere facts; for the subtlety and cynicism of the creature who could carry away her booty on a tide of virtuous indignation. But once again it was the eavesdropping wife who grasped the humour of the situation. Laughing outright now, she came to him where he stood, like one stunned.

"Oh, my poor old man!" she cried, as he turned his dazed countenance—he was also past surprise—upon her. "We are neither of us a match for her. She could buy and sell us both."

"Egad, and she's sold me!" exclaimed the General in an exasperated outburst. And then: "Gertrude!" he cried eagerly, and caught her by both hands. She saw that the remorseful, odious, futile explanation was about to break from him; and, lifting her hand, laid it gently across his lips.

"No, my dear, no," she softly cried. "I understand!" Her voice was tender, and the words fell like balm on his seething discomfort . . . Gertrude un-

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derstood. He pressed her hand and kissed it.

"Hush!" said Lady Gertrude, with sudden sharpness. She drew him back with her into the shadow of the great screen—her excellent eavesdropping corner—with irresistible urgency!

"Hush," she whispered again. She held his hand as she stood beside him; and palm to palm, like two children, they lurked and listened.

A moment later he realised what was happening. Norah—their only child—came into the library, and with her young Enniscorthy.

CHAPTER VII

Norah had preceded her companion into the room in a couple of schoolgirl strides. After one hasty glance around, she now flung herself into the chair on the other side of the screen with such violence that it rocked again; then she broke into a passion of tears. All the pent-up trouble of the last week, the culminating misery of the evening, found expression at last. In much the same words as Emerald Fanny, between panting breaths and unrestrained sobs, she declared that she could not bear it—she could not bear it!

Sir Reginald felt his wife's hand grow cold in his clasp. Unconsciously she gripped him. All at once it seemed to him as if he on his side understood her as never before—the mother in her that had taken precedence of the wife. And all at once, too, it seemed to him as if something awoke in himself, hitherto dormant—the father—at the sound of the child's voice crying in sorrow.

He clutched back the tender hand that held his own. Father and mother, they stood, feeling to the quick the agony of that silence which was receiving Norah's plaint. For Enniscorthy was still silent.

But at last he spoke—a single, low-voiced, troubled "Norah!"

The mother's heart leaped at the sound. Her quick, inner double-intuition, womanly and maternal, caught the note of a deep emotion in the word. "He loves her . . . he loves her!" she cried to herself; and then stood straining her ears, shameless in the keenness of her desire, while the tears welled over, to pour, unnoticed, down her cheeks.

"Oh, Enn, Enn!" wailed the girl, "how could you!" The fierce anger had gone out of her accents. She, too, it seemed, had found the lover in that one, half-whispered word. "You've broken my heart!" she cried. And then came a long, sobbing sigh of utter content; and without seeing, the mother knew that the two young things had found each other, and that Norah was in the arms that were to hold her for life.

And here Gertrude told herself the hour became too sacred for the presence even of those whose flesh and blood she was. She strove to draw her husband noiselessly toward the open door; but he resisted stonily; in part from masculine determination to hear the whole, having heard so much; in part from the very practical fear of interrupting at the wrong moment a most desirable explanation.

"My little Norah," said Enniscorthy's tender, husky voice on the other side of the screen, "I thought I had lost you!"

Upon which Norah sobbed again luxuriously, and again there was silence.

The day that her handsome Reginald had made his dashing declaration to her Lady Gertrude's heart had not beaten with anything like such emotion. The agony of joy superlative which can come but once in a lifetime was granted now to this woman, whose hair was streaked with white; and it came to her with an added poignancy and force, because it passed first through the soul of her child.

After a little while Enniscorthy put Norah out of his arms (scented, painted Norah, who was, after all, his own under her silly disguise) and spoke, this time with a very manly assurance.

"Listen to me, darling—yes"—as she interrupted him in her irrepressible, unabashed way with a reproachful, "Don't you love me?"—"Yes, I love you; I've always loved you. I shall never love any one else."

(He was barely twenty-three and she not yet eighteen. They were adorable,

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thought Lady Gertrude, with the salt of tears on her smiling lips.)

"We have to consider," that firm young voice was continuing, "what is to be done. Your mother will never consent to our marriage—never!"

Gertrude started, and in the darkness she felt her husband's amazed eyes upon her. Norah's indignant outcry covered the sound of their involuntary movement.

"Mamma?"

"She told me so, with her own lips. She objects to cousins marrying."

"And that was why you kept away? Oh, I guessed it! How could she? How unkind, how horrible!"

"She said people were already talking about us." The young man's tones were quietly judicial against the fever heat of his companion's. "But that was not when I thought I had lost you, Norah. I kept away, but I was only biding my time. I thought your mother had some right on her side."

"Oh, Enn!"

"I had no business to bind you before you had seen anything of the world."

"As if that could have made any difference," cried she, in superb scorn.

"Ah, but it did make a difference! Norah—the very first stranger that came into this house changed you . . . changed you completely."

"Enn!"

This last exclamation was delivered in a smothered voice. Lady Gertrude had a pretty shrewd suspicion that her daughter had dropped her face against her lover's arm to hide her blushes, her confusion. The blood rose painfully in her own cheek, as the young man went on. Had she but known how tenderly the lover was stroking the abashed head while he rebuked!

"You were changed already the very first night I dined—after that woman came. No longer my Norah, but a bad copy of some one who was certainly not worth copying."

The girl gave a meek sob.

"Do you know," went on the severe young judge, "that for an instant, when I saw you to-night, I did not recognise you!"

"Oh!" she gasped, and "Oh!" again. "Oh, Enn, I know I look a pig!" Impetuously she sprang to her feet. "Look here, I'll wash it off. Plenty of water in this vase; lend me your handkerchief—my little rag's no good. Now, Enn, now look at me, is it gone? Am I your own Norah again? Oh, say I am!"

He had still too much of the child in him not to take it all with perfect seriousness. He had risen also; he now gathered her in his arms and kissed her wet face, then gravely possessed himself of the handkerchief, and finished drying the pretty countenance.

"Never anything but my Norah again! Yes, you do want me. I see you are too easily influenced, darling, too impressionable for me to trust you to other keeping. Your mother has never understood you, she has no proper control over you. But I?" said the boy, "I know how to keep my own; I will guard you, my treasure!" He dropped his voice reverently. "You shall remain unspotted from the world, my darling."

The mother could rise above the pain of this pronouncement, and of her daughter's acquiescence in it, to be glad that her wilful child should have found so strong a master; and to smile at the self-reliance of the twenty-three-year-old lover. But his next utterance startled her considerably:

"And so," he was saying, "there's just one thing for me to do. I must take you right away, and as soon as possible marry you."

The girl gave a cry, surprised, it is true, but unmistakably joyful:

"Run away with me, do you mean? Enn!"

"It's not the way I should have wished to do it. But I can't trust you from me. I cannot trust you in a house where you have to be friends with such people as that Mrs. Lancelot!"

That was bitter hearing to both parents. Sir Reginald, who would have interfered at the lover's cool proposal of elopement but for his wife's restraining hand, wrenched the fingers he held in an unconscious spasm. But humbly Gertrude took her punishment. It was true—she had failed to guard her child.

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It was true she had little or no influence over her, in spite of perpetual thought and tenderness; and here was her wild colt, docile to curb and spur, without even a toss of the head or a quiver of defiance!

"Oh, yes, Enn, take me away . . . take me away!"

With a kind of second-sight the mother had once more a vision of the abandonment with which the girl flung herself upon her lover's breast in this surrender.

She felt rightly that it was a dangerous nature—one only too likely to come to shipwreck among the breakers of life, unless carefully piloted. But her child had found the pilot, and, as she honestly recognised, found him for herself without her help—nay, even in spite of her maternal solicitude. From the depths of her heart she thanked God that it was so. It is perhaps maternity alone that is capable of absolute abnegation in love.

Unconsciously in that voiceless prayer, she must have sighed aloud, for the sound scared the lovers; such children they were, after all! Enniscorthy started with a boyish ejaculation; Norah tittered and whispered, the veriest schoolgirl still:

"Oh, I say, let's get out into the garden! No, no, by the hall! I'm sure there's some one behind the screen! Oh, I say, Enn—what will happen if we've been overheard!"

He was lofty once more in his answer as he led her forth, a protecting arm about her shoulder:

"Nothing really matters now—now that all is clear between us."

"Upon my word," said Sir Reginald, "that's a pretty thing for us to hear! That's a pretty cool pair—upon my word!"

His tone was sarcastic; but it covered much hurt and angry feeling, and he stepped round the screen hastily, as if he would still arrest the young offenders. But his wife called him back softly, and, turning, he saw her face with the tears running down.

"Gertrude!" he cried, almost alarmed. Never before, perhaps, in all their long married life had he seen her give way in this manner—the self-contained serene, unemotional woman. For a moment she could not speak to him; but letting herself sink into the chair, where a moment before Enniscorthy had held their daughter in his arms, she stretched out her hand to him again. He fell on his knees beside her, indignant, deeply compassionate, utterly misunderstanding.

"Don't cry, my darling! Ungrateful girl, ungrateful little cat that she is, I'll bring her to reason!"

The mother gave a tender laugh amid her tears.

"Oh, no, Reginald! My dear old Reginald, don't you see I'm only crying because I'm so happy? Oh, don't you see how beautiful it is?" She took her hands from his clasp to place them on his shoulders and draw him toward her. "Here we have both been fretting and fussing about ourselves—I thought for a moment you cared for that woman better than for me. Yes, I did indeed—forgive me for that! Even if you had been so silly as to think it for a moment, I ought to have known better. As if you could! And all the while we've forgotten how the years have been busy with us, how the young are stepping forward with their right to life and love—and we're only just father and mother looking on—looking, oh, my dear old man, thank God, on our child's happiness!"

Never was any one so quick to catch emotion as Sir Reginald. There were answering tears in his own eyes as he gazed up at his wife's face, so beautifully transfigured by tenderness and joy. The strains of the band, in a plaintive Russian waltz-tune, came wailing across the hall. A rush of memories overcame him. He could not at all feel, in this wholesale way, that he had done with his youth—the ever-vernal Sir Reginald—but he did feel, more than ever, that there was but one woman in the world for him.

And, looking on her now, he told himself she was only more beautiful with the years. And there was something more pressing to be accomplished than the discipline of his impertinent

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child and the setting back in his place of the still more impertinent suitor—it was this clasping of his wife to his heart, this kissing of her tear-stained cheek, her trembling lips, these passionate assurances that she was his beloved, that she was lovely and that she must never leave him again, for he was lost without her.

And, a little while afterward, when he put her from him, to look in her face, as lovers will, he saw that she was blushing, rose-red, like a girl. And then he told her, what his heart had told him a little while ago, that in his eyes her youth had remained undimmed; that to him she must always be the bride of his young manhood.

CHAPTER VIII

The Dowager looked very closely at her daughter as Lady Gertrude re-entered the ball-room, followed by Sir Reginald. The music had ceased; and save for Coralie yawning shamelessly, propped up against her Ernest, and Fräulein incredibly wrinkled with fatigue, the room was empty. The Dowager was tired; she was annoyed; she hated unconventionality—odd ways as she called them—she hated emotion. One glance at the delinquents' faces showed that they had been indulging in emotion: "making some ridiculous scene to each other, while I have had to speed their guests and invent excuses for them. . . . I who ought to have been in my bed long ago! Florence would have seen that I was not kept from my rest in this manner!"

"May I ask where you have been, Gertrude?" she inquired with drawn eyebrows and awe-inspiring hook of nose.

"Dear mamma . . . !" said the remiss daughter absently—her eye wandered. "Has any one seen Norah?"

"No," exploded dear mamma. "Norah vanished . . . like the rest of you. I think you're mad, Gertrude. And you, too, Reginald, to disappear like that both of you. If people will give entertainments, the least they can do is to be civil to their guests. I'm going to bed."

Upon the point of hoisting herself painfully out of her seat, the Dowager paused, her eye became fixed. She clutched little Fräulein by the wrist.

"Look there," she said.

Trottsky, who had been bidden to sit beside the angry old lady, and lend meek ear to her complaints, was the only person of the Orange Court party who had remained in favour to-night.

"*Ach, du mein lieber,*" ejaculated Fräulein, adjusting her spectacles to follow, with blinking agitation, the direction of Lady Enniscorthy's pointed finger. "The child!"

"Child, indeed, and a very naughty child she is! She deserves a good whipping, Fräulein, and upon my soul——" The Dowager gave an acid laugh—"she looks as if she had been getting one!"

Norah, slinking across the hall, radiant, dishevelled, and shamefaced, was instinctively arrested by her grandmother's hawk-like glance.

"Come in, miss," said the old lady, beckoning fiercely, "come in, this minute."

Gertrude turned and went rapidly toward the hall.

In a flurry, which contrasted quaintly with his recent determination and dignity, Enniscorthy was struggling into his overcoat upon the threshold of the porch. It was quite evident that the last thing the young clandestine lovers desired was to be seen by their elders.

"Oh, my dears," cried Gertrude, and broke into laughter, tremulously near again the fountain of her tears. "Enniscorthy . . . my little girl!" She held out a hand to each. Norah, an incipient scowl of rebellion on her face, could do no less than take it on her side. With drooped head she examined her mother closely from under her lids.

"Enniscorthy, you're not going without bidding me good-night," said Lady Gertrude, changing her tone.

The young man, hotly blushing, turned and came toward her.

"Oh, good-night, Cousin Gertrude. It has been such a pleasant evening!"

Norah smothered a laugh. Lady

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Gertrude firmly retained the hand that had been ceremoniously offered; once more she was mistress of the situation.

"You must both come with me to grandmother."

The Dowager rose, with a sense of an important event, as the trio approached her. Fräulein gurgled an "ach!" poised between apprehension and ecstatic expectation.

And "Oh ginger!" cried Coralie, straightening herself from her lackadaisical attitude, and pinching the long-suffering Ernest's arm, after her wont in moments of emotion. The General snorted. He by no means approved of the swift forgiveness which was beaming from his wife's face. The memory of the lover's conversation was rankling in his mind.

"Dear mamma," said Gertrude, "these children have something to tell you, I think."

The scowl vanished from Norah's countenance. In an instant her arms were round her mother's neck, clasped in a bear-like hug; and her voice jubilated:

"She doesn't mind, after all, Enn; she doesn't mind. We needn't run away! We can be married, with wedding-cake and bridesmaids, and a trousseau, and presents, and, and—Oh, mammy darling!" She broke off abruptly, bit her lip and looked frightened.

"Upon my word!" said the grandmother, even as the father had done. Her piercing eye turned from Norah's scarlet visage to the young man's pale and serious countenance. Then, in the little pause, the two, who had just plighted troth, exchanged a long glance. And it was upon this that occurred the most unexpected thing in a night of surprise: the Dowager shed tears—the few, difficult tears of old age.

"My dear children," she said, and extended two little trembling hands in blessing. It was well she was so sturdy an old lady, for Norah positively assaulted her with another of her ursine hugs.

"After all, Enniscorthy," said the future mother-in-law, turning her happy smile upon him, "you'll have to put up with wedding-cake and presents and general family approval." She broke off. She found the young man's gaze upon her, surprise and a kind of reproach in his candid eyes. Instantly she realised how singular her volte-face must appear to him and how far from the young male mind was the comprehension of feminine subterfuge. She laughed a little both at herself and him, then added in an undertone through which ran a deep note of feeling: "My dear boy, you must forgive me, I believe that I have misunderstood both you and my little girl. I know now that I can trust her to you."

He squeezed the hand she held out to him again. She drew a sigh of comfort. More explanation would never be needed between them.

"Nobody has asked my leave," said the General.

"Reginald!" said the Dowager in a warning bass, cocking her eye upon him over her granddaughter's enlacing arms.

"It was papa who listened," cried the girl with a sudden vindictive flash of intuition. But with a movement as gracious as it was tender, Lady Gertrude slipped her arm within her husband's.

"Papa is quite right," she said, "and his consent will have to be asked, if it were only as a little act of reparation for proposing to do without it. I don't think he'll be very hard on you," she added, and this gave the General his opportunity.

"I am not likely to refuse your mother anything, Norah, so you had better ask her to intercede for you."

The look which accompanied these words was almost as ardent as that with which the young lover had melted the grandmother's heart a few moments before.

So the General kissed his daughter and shook hands with Enniscorthy, who, considering that he was intensely hating the whole scene, with the shyness of the earnest lover added to constitutional reserve, went through it all very creditably, even if his mien hardly reflected Norah's abandonment of joy.

The while Fräulein wept audibly in-

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to her best pocket-handkerchief, and Coralie was fain to embrace her Ernest before them all, as still better than pinching.

"Oh, I must tell Aunt Jane!" she cried suddenly, the kindly thought ever uppermost in her mind.

"I declare," said the Dowager, "I should not mind another glass of champagne.—No, young man, you give your arm to Norah. Reginald——" not since his return had his relative smiled with such amiability upon the erring son-in-law—"will you support my tottering steps? We must toast our young couple."

"Aunt Jane," said Coralie, coming softly into the bedroom where the poor Cinderella had taken refuge.

The light was still burning. Jane, clad in her striped flannelette dressing-gown, sat before the writing-table; the tinsel crown wreath was still on her head, inclining more rakishly than ever toward her left ear. She held a pencil in her hand and was poring over her open blotter. So absorbed was she that it was not until her niece called her twice that she raised her flushed countenance.

"Oh, my dear, my dear, I'm glad it's only you! I couldn't have borne any one else. I've just had such an interesting communication from Caractacus, the first he's ever granted me alone. He's been saying such dreadful things about Challoner. I'm afraid he's rather wicked. Then it shows his feelings for me, doesn't it?"

She pointed an agitated finger to the violent scrawl with which the page before her was adorned.

"He ought to be hanged, hanged, hanged!" she read dramatically—"He means Challoner, you know. On account of the pearls, my dear; and really I do think it was mean. Challoner, I mean. I suppose I ought to be angry with Caractacus. But then in those days, my love, people were very frank, weren't they?—And, oh, I asked him if it was going to be all right about Gertrude, and he wrote, yes. I've been so anxious about dear Gertrude, I was so afraid I might have done harm instead of good by interfering. Caractacus was so consoling. You see how the pencil went round and round; that always means they're quite certain!"

"Well, ain't that nice, now," said the little American heartily, glancing at the cocoon-like hieroglyphic with due respect. "And it's real sing'lar, but I've just come with a bit of good news for you. Enniscorthy and Norah are engaged, and we're all as pleased as Punch."

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" said Aunt Jane, in quite another tone. She stood hugging herself, allowing the importance of the information to sink from her muddled brain into her excellent heart. Then, with her finger at the end of her nose, looking more like a weak-minded parrot than ever: "Reginald could not possibly run away with Mrs. Lancelot if his daughter is going to be married, I should think," she hazarded sagely.

Coralie gave a little shriek.

"Run away with Mrs. Lancelot! He's much more likely to run away from her. What's put that into your dear old noddle?"

Aunt Jane bent forward and whispered:

"My dear, she's packing! She is indeed. I can hear through the wall. And what's more, my dear, she's going away first thing in the morning, by the early train. I heard her tell the housemaid. And she's ordered a fly; she said she wouldn't have Gertrude send her in for anything—it gave me such a turn!"

"Aunt J.," pronounced Coralie, "you're an angel, a darling, and a goose. The only turn the widow will ever give us again will be the dance of *Tout à la Joie* at her departure."

She caught the lean figure and whirled it once or twice before poor Jane was able to realise what was happening. Then Mrs. Jamieson hugged her with a fervour that Norah, the young bear, herself had not excelled.

"Oh, my!" she exclaimed in conclusion, "isn't it all just balmy!"

"I think, my dear," said Jane, when the not unpleasurable giddiness caused by these frolics had somewhat subsided, "I think, my dear, I must hasten to offer my good wishes to the dear

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young pair. Norah was always such a pet of mine, and Gertrude is my favourite sister (don't tell dear Florence!)—What did you say, my dear? —that it was balmy? Dear me, balmy! —very balmy indeed! Dear Florence doesn't like your American expressions. I think they're very sweet. Balmy," repeated Jane; and absently gathering the folds of her gay dressing-gown as if they had been her recent robes of silk, she sidled from the room.

"Challoner called me balmy once—he said I was balmy on the crumpet. I am afraid he didn't mean it quite nicely, my dear! Gentlemen," said the poor lady from the depths of her experience, "have sometimes some odd little ways, you know."

"Let her go," said Coralie to herself, as she watched the odd figure ambling down the corridor. "If they don't all see what a dear she is, forgetting all about herself and her dressing-gown and her disappointment over the pearls, and her luckless drab life, in her pleasure that others should be happy, they don't deserve any luck themselves! And anyhow it will keep granma in good humour to have some one to poke fun at."

She herself came out into the passage, hesitated, nibbled her finger, and bent her ear to listen at the door of the next bedroom. Lady Jane had been quite right—packing was certainly in progress within. There was the rapid sound of steps, business-like, from drawer to trunk, the rustle of tissue paper, and the trotting heels again.

Coralie made up her mind. She knocked.

"Who is there?" cried the widow, sharply. And, as if upon an invitation, the American entered. Emerald, some of her yellow hair upon the dressing-table—but quite sufficient of it left hanging down her back to preclude any awkwardness over the revelation to another woman—turned a tired, almost tragic face upon her visitor. She had not washed the rouge from her cheeks; and it seemed to have concentrated and deepened, in contrast with the pallor upon which it lay. A second the hard pupils of the large irised eyes were fixed angrily with something of that look one may see in the orbs of a fierce cat; the next moment, metaphorically speaking, Mrs. Lancelot elected to purr.

"Dearest Mrs. Jamieson, this is kind. Oh, you heard how I have to run away in the morning? Isn't it sad! But you will understand, I know you will, all you dear people! Oh, dear Mrs. Jamieson—Coralie—do let me call you Coralie—you are so sweet; I know you will be glad for me! I'm not going to be lonely any more. My little barque has come to harbour," proceeded the lady with her Sibylline air; she lifted her head to gaze at the cornice; the folds of her white silk dressing-gown fell dramatically about her; she stretched out her hand with a fine gesture, to lay it, unseeingly yet unerringly, upon a letter on the table beside her.

"My John," she uttered into space. "I think we always cared for each other; but fate came between us, we were divided. Now, however——" she turned her rapt glance upon the listener; Coralie was gasping. "I know," went on the mellifluous tones, "that you will all understand how, since his message is come, I must run away to meet him! Oh, just now, your uncle, Sir Reginald, gave me such sweet words of advice—a friend indeed he has always been to me! 'You broke his heart once,' he said to me, 'mend it now.' I'm going to mend John's heart. And that is why I am running away."

Through a whole gamut of delicate emotions had the widow artistically fluttered. She was coy, she was tender, she was pathetic, she was sprightly. Coralie had hardly ever felt herself so completely at a loss. Amazement was the overwhelming sense of the moment. So, there was a John! And "he" had been a mere interlude, a barrier between two loving hearts; and *mon preux,* at the best, only a distraction, now permanently in Emerald's vocabulary the friendly adviser. She was too bewildered to laugh.

"I'm sure," she said, "I'm vurry glad you've got your old beau back,"

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and felt herself American to staginess and inadequate to imbecility, before the reproachful upliftedness of Mrs. Lancelot's eyes.

"My cousin, John McCracken," said the latter with dignity, "was my first—do not misunderstand me if I say my only—love. There are tragedies in women's lives which are best left veiled. I hope—I think I did my duty. Now the future holds promise of something else to fill my heart, my empty heart, as duty alone could not do. Oh, Coralie——" The cry, piercing sweet, was poised and dropped; brokenly the widow took up the note in an admirably natural sounding burst of feeling. "Wish me joy, my dear! His letter came to-night!" and cast herself into the other's arms.

"Of course I don't expect you to believe me," said Mrs. Jamieson later to her husband. She was clad, in her turn, in all the pretty laciness of a *negligée;* and, sitting before her looking-glass, was thoughtfully brushing out strand after strand of dark hair. (There were no curls on her dressing-table.) "I don't *reelly* believe it myself, but I kissed that woman. Yes, I did. And I wished her joy; and I meant it! And, when I saw the tears in her eyes, I felt mine just swim! Oh, my! And my heart was quite stirred over the romance of John McCracken—he's cracknels, Ernest, darling; you know the awful posters of the boy biting, with the motto underneath—'It's McCracken's—it's all right!' And he's rolling, she tells me—so I suppose it is all right. 'A millionaire, one of our merchant princes!' She breathed it casually. Oh, my! She's asked me to go and stay with her . . . somewhere in the vague future when she and John have bought a place! Ernest," said his wife, then dropping her brush, and flinging her crisp locks from her face to gaze solemnly at him, "it's all very comic, but I'm deeply glad that woman's going to be out of the way by to-morrow morning; for she's the cleverest thing I've met in Europe. *Reelly,* my poor Ernest," she proceeded thoughtfully, "if she'd set her cap at you, I don't know what would have become of you. I doubt," she blinked pensively, "if I could have saved you."

As he broke into indignant, inarticulate disclaimer she tilted her lip into smiles, and dimpled and shook her finger at him. "Now, you don't take me in a bit. In your heart you think she's a poor, harmless, gentle, misunderstood little creature, and that we've all behaved brutally to her. Now you know you do, and you will, to your dying day."

But Coralie, however clogged her wits might momentarily have been under the web of Mrs. Lancelot's undaunted spinning, had remained sufficiently alert to conceal the event of the evening from her. "She'll never fly to John so early in the morning, if she can hang round Norah's neck and fawn on Enniscorthy," she thought. "Besides, I'm not going to have the woman posing as their providence when she nearly parted them for ever."

So, after that kiss, surprised from her weakness, she disengaged herself from the widow's clinging hands, murmured an inarticulate and unfelt pleasure at the news of Mr. McCracken's wealth, vaguely concurred in the vague project of future visits, and at length took her departure, smiling and undulating, till the door closed between them. Then she thoughtfully set her steps for the dining-room again, reviling herself as she went.

"I reckon you'd better come down a peg or two in the estimation of yourself, Coralie Jamieson; I reckon next time momma-in-law looks at you as if you were a worm you'd better just squirm. To think you've smiled at her and kissed her, and as near as not wept over her! . . . Pah, I'm ashamed of you!"

"If you ask me," Lady Enniscorthy was saying as her granddaughter-in-law slipped pensively into the room, "I think Jane has had quite enough champagne."

CHAPTER IX

Gertrude was anxious to get her mother to bed. She had repeatedly told Norah to retire to hers. But grandmother and granddaughter were chatter-

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ing to each other like a pair of children. And, of the two, the Dowager's eyes were the brighter, and her fine old face showed less traces of fatigue than did the girlish features. But then she had been only a spectator, while Norah had just been living through the crucial night of her life.

"Presently, presently, Gertrude," said Lady Enniscorthy, in good-humoured but warning parenthesis. "No, my dear, I won't have you come Florence over me. And I think you might leave the child a few minutes longer—I'll give you your bridal lace, Norah. The wedding shall be from Park Lane. You puss, you little puss! To think of your springing this on us!" She shook in gleeful laughter, and tied the strings of her pretty night-cap under her determined chin. "Well, the Lord is good to me," she cried, then, suddenly grave again: "He denied me a son of my own, but He's making it up to me now. We've kept Enniscorthy in the family, Gertrude."

Norah, squatting at her grandmother's feet, gave an almost imperceptible toss of her head.

"No thanks to mamma!" she said from the height of her new importance and arrogant happiness. "She did her best against it—she very nearly spoilt it all."

Gertrude, standing behind the Dowager's chair—she had been ministering to her in the place of the maid dismissed to her slumbers—looked down at her daughter sadly and indulgently.

"I tried to do my best for you," she said in a low voice.

She felt humbled, in her great thankfulness. She had been endeavouring to guide events; had diplomatised, had schemed, and that success should have come to all her efforts seemed to her, this night, the merciful dispensation of Providence rather than her own work, for she had led the boat which contained all her treasures into dangerous waters.

"You bet!" said Coralie suddenly from the corner of the sofa, where she sat, her arm round Jane's flat waist. They were having a thrilling talk on the subject of Caractacus. She sprang up and came forward.

"You bet, if it wasn't for your mother, you'd be weeping for your beau this very night, Norah. You bet, if it had not been for your mother giving up everything for you—you'd have been at school still, young lady; precious few opportunities you'd have had then of meeting Enniscorthy. And if your mother had let you go on scouring the country with him, and making yourself cheap—yes, I will speak, Gertrude!—the chances are you'd never have been anything to him but his silly little fool of a playmate, and he'd have proposed to somebody else. Oh, you may smile as scornfully as you please, but it's been touch and go, I can tell you, and if you had not had such a mother . . . and other good friends——" She broke off on the recollection of her own services; she was not going to speak about them. Sarcastically she concluded: "Although you are nearly eighteen, you have not got all the world's wisdom in your head yet. And to rush into a young man's arms isn't always the best way to make sure of him. It never dawned upon you, I suppose, that your mother——"

"Hoity-toity!" interrupted the Dowager. "Stars and Stripes, with a vengeance!"

But her eyes twinkled. She suddenly put out her hand to Gertrude.

"My dear," she said, with an odd little shake in her voice, "I don't think any one, not even this unfortunate young person, can accuse you of being a bad mother."

Gertrude knelt to kiss her.

"I'm afraid I've not always been a wise one," she murmured.

"Wa'll, granma," said the American, blinking away an inconvenient moisture that had gathered between her eyelashes and assuming her most unnatural twang, "if you'll let me say it, I honour you. It's like you to own up. Aunt G. has proved herself pretty right, all along the line, hasn't she? Oh, my, and she's been more right than you're aware of—I've been just burning to give you the news, but you've all been so wrapped up in Norah and her little affairs. Granma, Aunt G., listen; Mrs. Lancelot's packing, and she's off at cockcrow, or thereabouts. And she's going to marry Mr.

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John McCracken. And his estate is . . . at Paisley, till they buy a new one. Oh, I say, gramma, what about the tiara?"

"Upon my word!" said Lady Enniscorthy.

"Oh, dear mamma," said Gertrude absently, "don't you think we've all made too much fuss about that poor foolish little woman?"

Her heart was yearning to her child, who was hanging her head and sulking, but whose heart she knew. "She's sorry already," the mother was thinking. "She did not mean to be ungrateful, she did not understand. And I shall never be able to explain to her. For her way is straight to the point, and I chose the circuitous path."

"Gertrude, don't be a humbug. I'm a woman of my word. Yes, Coralie, I have brought the tiara. You'll find the key of my trunk on my dressing-table; the box is under the tray."

"Oh, is Gertrude to have the tiara?" cried Jane. She came up from her corner and stood hugging herself and looking wistfully at her mother. "I'm very glad. I always wanted Gertrude to have it—if I didn't," said the guileless creature.

She gave a pull at her tinsel wreath that set it at an equally forlorn angle on the opposite side of her head.

Solemnly the Dowager took the case which Coralie unwrapped and laid on her knee; and solemnly she pressed the spring, exposing the glories of its contents. Then, with her own determined little hands, she lifted the crown from its socket.

"There, my dear, you have honestly gained it, and I'm very glad I can give it you with a clear conscience."

"Is it mine?" said Gertrude, as she took almost reverently into her hands this symbol of her mother's happy days and her father's great love for her. "Can I do with it what I like?"

"Of course you can," retorted the old lady, not quite pleased. "You won't want to sell it, I presume? It's an heirloom now."

"Then, dear mamma, let it be your and my gift—our wedding gift to Norah."

Bending, as she spoke, she laid the diadem upon the girl's fair head, which still rested against the grandmother's knee.

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" Norah sprang up, and flung the crown unceremoniously into the Dowager's lap that she might let herself fall into her mother's arms. "Oh, mammy!" she cried again, clinging to her, and burst into tears.

"It's been diamond cut paste all through," said Coralie, swallowing a lump in her throat.

There was a discreet knock at the door. Fräulein, still in the gala silk, with the festoon collar and the blue bow, presented herself, her face wreathed in smiles, withal a most weary-looking little woman.

"I haf thought that my lady's hot bottle might haf been forgotten," she ventured, producing in triumphant unselfishness her own scarlet-jacketed comforter. It was new, and diffused a pungent odour of rubber.

"I?" cried the Dowager with good-humoured scorn, "I never indulged in anything like that in my life. Much obliged to you, all the same," she added graciously. "Come in, come in; we've got something to show you. Gertrude, put the thing on the child's head. Now, Fräulein, what do you think of that?"

Fräulein gasped, let her odoriferous burden drop, and ejaculated in shrill and broken tones of ecstasy: *"Ach du, mein Gott* . . . our little Countess!"

The End

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THE TOUCH OF POETRY AND SOME RECENT NOVELS*

MONG the volumes which have been selected to make up the group for this month's article, there happens to be one of which the well-known critic, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, recently expressed himself in these enthusiastic terms: "The story is a masterpiece, and it lacks only a touch of poetry to put it in the very front rank." Regarding the special merits of the book in question, there are a number of things to be said presently; but for the moment it seems worth while to discuss briefly the question of a Touch of Poetry in fiction. A novel, it would seem, may be a masterpiece, although the Touch of Poetry is lacking; and the plain inference is that, with the addition of this missing Touch of Poetry, it would become something better and bigger, something, in short, that would give it distinction even in a carefully selected company of masterpieces. It becomes, then, a matter of importance to determine just what is meant by this phrase, a Touch of Poetry, and also whether as a matter of fact its presence does make a work of fiction better and finer and more enduring.

Now, in the first place, before even attempting to find a definition for the phrase, a Touch of Poetry, it is quite safe to say that there is no quality whose presence will make a work of fiction in any sense better or bigger unless it be a quality which forms a part of the real life which that volume of fiction purposes to transcribe. If the sort of poetry which Dr. Robertson Nicoll has in mind is the sort of poetry to be found in every-day life, then it belongs in a novel of every-day life, and its omission from the pages of that novel is so serious, so vital, that one is at a loss to know how such a faulty piece of work may deserve the name of masterpiece. But if such a spirit of poetry is not a part of life as life really is, then no matter how dull, dispiriting, and monotonous a record of such life may be, the Touch of Poetry does not belong in it—and its intrusion would be not a touch of genius, but a blemish.

Accordingly, the whole value of a criticism, such as the one above quoted, turns upon the definition of a single word. If poetry, as sometimes defined, is the concrete expression of an emotion, then life, even commonplace, every-day life, is full of poetry. A rose, a skylark's song, a sunset are a few of nature's ways for finding a concrete expression of emotions that well-nigh baffle an attempt to put them into words. It is hardly possible to write a chapter of quite ordinary and uninspired prose narrative without, in the course of it, calling to our attention some of these every-day and yet endlessly wonderful expressions of the poetry of life and nature.

But this, surely, is not what is usually meant by the very large class of readers who demand, in Dr. Nicoll's phrase, a Touch of Poetry in the books they read, any more than it is what is meant by a certain class of writers who in this respect attempt, with the best intentions in the world, to give the public what it wants. In spite of the fact that one of the greatest of all our English poets has said that "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty," there is, unfortunately, a widespread aversion to facing the truth of life, a foolish and deep-rooted impression that the truth of life is something ugly, something to be to a large extent evaded and ignored. And when a writer has the

*The Old Wives' Tale. By Arnold Bennett. New York: The George H. Doran Company.
The End of the Road. By Stanley Portal Hyatt. New York: D. Appleton and Company.
Sir Guy and Lady Rannard. By H. N. Dickinson. New York: Duffield and Company.
The Veil. By Ethel Stefana Stevens. New York: The Frederick Stokes Company.
As It Happened. By Ashton Hilliers. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
The Greater Power. By Harold Bindloss. New York: The Frederick Stokes Company.
The Calling of Dan Matthews. Chicago: The Book Supply Company.

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clear vision to perceive and the unfaltering hand to record, quite dispassionately, the truth of life, there are always a certain number of visionary and idealistic persons who cry out against him for his pessimism, his narrow, sordid outlook, his lack of what they call the Touch of Poetry.

Now, there are many forms and many degrees of the sort of thing which these well-meaning critics have in mind; they range all the way from what is pardonable and even justifiable down to the rankest and most offensive forms of romanticism. But in one respect they are all essentially of the same tribe and kin; they are all slightly varying forms of artificiality. It is worth while to keep in mind that the very etymology of the word, poetry, is something made, something artificial, something produced not by nature, but by man. The Touch of Poetry in fiction may be an artificial development of action, of character, or merely of language. Of the three, the last-named form is the most easily defensible and the one which in the long run does the least harm to the cause of good art. A rhythmic style, a purposed pattern of vowels and consonants may afford an amazing degree of satisfaction to its maker; may, indeed, produce certain pleasingly sensuous effects upon the ear of the reader; and may even, in spite of its obvious affectation, succeed in conveying, in some exceptional cases, a more vivid and incisive picture of reality than could have been achieved by simpler forms of speech. In their several ways, George Meredith, Henry James and Maurice Hewlett depart radically from the simple forms of ordinary written prose. All three of them are consciously and deliberately highly artificial for the avowed purpose of obtaining effects which would elude a simpler form of speech. Of the three, Mr. Hewlett is the only one whose eccentricities of style might reasonably be defined as having the Poetic Touch; he alone has learned how to utilise poetic rhythm in order to enhance prose effects. But the purpose of this comparison is to show that rhythm in prose is defensible not on the ground that it has the Poetic Touch, but on the broader and more logical ground that, like other artificialities of style, such as the obscureness of Meredith or James, it happens to be the best vehicle for conveying the truth of life.

But when we come to the Touch of Poetry in character or in plot, we find ourselves confronting not merely a form of artificiality, but of downright dishonesty. The Poetic Touch is the commonest of all excuses for those authors who insist upon painting men and women not as they really are but as optimists would like to have them. A man dies; and in real life his widow, however sincerely she may mourn him, finds the practical cares and needs of daily life at once intruding upon her—finds herself, in fact, anxious about his business, his saving, his life insurance, and in an unacknowledged way somewhat soothed and comforted by the discovery that in a worldly way he has left her better provided for than she expected. Your novelist with the Touch of Poetry will, however, insist on picturing the widow as too absorbed in her grief to think of such sordid considerations as yesterday's debts and to-morrow's dinner, and begging her solicitor to spare her the pain for the present of intruding business matters upon her desolate bereavement. That fine old cynic, La Rochefoucauld, once wrote, among scores of other maxims from which big novels might be wrought, that "in the sorrows and misfortunes of our friends there is always something which is not altogether unpleasing,"—one of those immortal sayings which it would be well for every novelist softly to repeat to himself each time that sorrow or misfortune intrudes itself into the pages he is writing. There is none of us so perfect, so unselfish, so removed from petty temptations as to feel when the news of loss of money or of honour or of life of some dear friend arrives, a simple unmixed emotion. Because we are human beings, and therefore infinitely complex, we see another man's calamities from a hundred different points at once. The dominant emotion may be a sincere and disinterested grief, but underlying this, scarcely confessed to ourselves, are a score of other less worthy thoughts, mere momentary flashes some of them, thoughts perhaps

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that we would be forever ashamed to put into words, but in our secret hearts we know that for a moment they were born and lived in our brain. The novelist who is deficient in the Touch of Poetry, but who sees life and reads human hearts and records what he sees and reads with the grim inflexibility of fate, recognises all these obscure overtones of human selfishness and records them along with other things good and bad. But your novelist who prides himself on his Touch of Poetry pictures only the dominant and resultant motives, gives an impression of unalloyed friendship and sympathy and self-sacrifice, flatters human vanity by making us say as we close his book, "Human nature is better than it gets credit for, after all!" And so few of us stop to realise that it is far wholesomer, in the long run, to look human nature frankly in the face; to say, "Yes, we are pretty mean and self-seeking and vicious at times; but in spite of it all the sum total of what we do is pretty good. The wonder is that with all our conflicting impulses for good and evil our record of accomplishment should be half so creditable as it actually is." And that is the difference between the strong, sane touch of honest pride and the illusive Touch of so-called Poetry.

"The Old Wives' Tale"

The Old Wives' Tale, by Arnold Bennett, is the volume which Dr. Nicoll singled out for the qualified phrase which suggested the present article. Frankly, it is a book which fully deserves all that he has said in its favour and something more besides. Not for many months has a piece of fiction appeared which conveyed an impression of such magnitude, such finished workmanship, and such a fund of reserve power. There are many books which impress one with a sense of amplitude, a sense of being spread over a very broad canvas. It is much rarer to find, as in the present case, a book which gives a sense of depth as well as breadth, a book that has a wonderful, far-reaching perspective, making you feel that you are looking not merely upon the surface of life, but through and beyond the surface into the deep and hidden meanings of human existence. As in the case of all novels which really deserve the attribute of bigness, *The Old Wives' Tale* achieves its effects without the aid of a spectacular background or of exceptional and exalted characters. Indeed, it would be difficult to imagine anything more essentially mediocre and commonplace, more uniformly dull and grey than the whole external atmosphere of this strong and poignant story. A small manufacturing town of middle England, with scant sunlight struggling vainly to pierce the veil of soft-coal smoke which perpetually overhangs it; a central square with its five public houses, its bank, its two chemists, its five drapers; and on the floor above the most imposing of these drapers' shops living apartments occupied by the family of this particular shopkeeper. Narrow, hopelessly conservative, unspeakably bourgeois in their attitude toward life, the Baines family, nevertheless, stand out in this story as fair average representatives of the human race, sufficient exponents of the three great mysteries of life, birth, marriage and death. There are, of course, exceptional people in the world, people who achieve great things, and whose names are enrolled permanently on the honour roll of fate. But to the great majority the sum and substance of life is, roughly speaking, somewhat after this fashion: there is a brief period of youthful illusion, when one forms brave plans for great achievements, and the years which really count all lie ahead in a glamour of rosy hope; and then, almost before one knows how it has come about, one is old, and the years that count all lie behind, and the sum total of accomplishments, as one looks back, seems insignificant, and one is glad to cherish the memories of brief, fugitive happiness snatched here and there by the way. This is not an unfair picture of the average life of the great struggling middle class in an overpopulated country of the Old World. And this is precisely what Mr. Arnold Bennett has succeeded in giving us in his *Old Wives' Tale* of the lives of Constance and Sophia Baines, the two daughters of the bedridden old draper through fifty years of hopes and hardships and disillusion. It would serve no useful purpose to analyse the plot of this volume, for the pat-

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tern is too intricate to be briefly summed up—it has the multifold and wonderful intricacy of actual life. It is enough to say that there are very few books in English which mirror back so truly and with such a fine sense of proportion the relative amount of joy and sorrow that enter in to the average human life—the unconscious selfishness of youth, the rash haste to reach forward and grasp opportunities, the relentless encroachment of disease, the loneliness of old age, the inevitability of death. Naturally the book is, with all its merits, a depressing one. It leaves behind it a sense of greyness and loneliness and personal loss, and all the more so because it possesses that rare power of making us feel the brotherhood of these commonplace people that fill its pages, and so rendering their successive passing away a personal and intimate sorrow to each one of us. Undoubtedly, a Touch of Poetry, that is to say, a strain of romanticism, idealising the meaner traits of character, the harsher blows of fate, would lighten the gloom and relieve the tension, but inevitably it would have shorn the book of its chief strength, the incomparable strength of literal and fearless truth.

The End of the Road, by Stanley Portal Hyatt, if not a book of quite the magnitude one is justified in expecting from the author of *The Little Brown Brother,* is none the less a story that is distinctly worth while. Realistic in method, with a realism that does not flinch before unpleasant facts, it, nevertheless, has running through it a certain strain of romanticism which will appeal to those readers who demand the Touch of Poetry. But since Mr. Hyatt confines this Poetic Touch to nature, to his stage setting, to the Road as the big underlying symbol of his book, and does not let it intrude to mar the truthfulness of his characters and their actions, there is nothing at which the most strenuous partisan of naturalism may justly quarrel.

"The End of the Road"

The End of the Road is a story of South Africa during the transition period culminating in the Boer War. It was the period when railroads were a dream of the future and when the Road, a rude, deep-rutted, winding trail through mud and sand, and over veldt after endless veldt, was the only means of communication between interior and coast, and when the fortunate owner of a few spans of oxen was an autocrat who could command his own exorbitant price, amassing fortunes by carting machinery to the mines and ore to the coast. But it was also the period when the end of this autocracy was already foreshadowed; when civilisation was crowding close upon the heels of the plodding oxen; when mile after mile of rail brought one town after another within easy touch of Cape Town; and when the Road, in self-defence, was obliged continually to push on farther and farther into the unbroken country beyond. The End of the Road must come, so the saying was, when it should eventually reach the Great Lakes. But, as a matter of fact, the end comes sooner, not because there is no further place where it may go, but because the inexorable spirit of modern progress has robbed it for all reason for existence. As a study of a transition epoch just over the boundary line of civilisation, *The End of the Road* is a worthy and significant accomplishment. As a human story of an individual Englishman who rebels against modern progress and would stubbornly try to uphold the old and crumbling order of things, it is much less important. Not that the character of this central figure is badly drawn, or that the tangle which he makes of his own life and that of the woman who binds her lot with his, although she stands for progress and civilisation, is lacking in interest; yet the whole effect is that of a story which was made to measure, so to speak, fitted like a tailor-made garment to a particular set of conditions, instead of being, as real life must be, the logical product of the conditions themselves. It is, however, at least pleasant to see that Mr. Hyatt is gaining a better insight into feminine psychology. His men have always been flesh and blood, but the women of his earlier book had more than a mere suggestion of lay figures. Those in *The End of the Road,* although in no way remarkable, at least live and breathe.

People who find themselves bored by

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the intricacies of English political campaigns should be frankly warned that *Sir Guy and Lady Rannard,* by H. N. Dickinson, is a volume not to their taste. But to all others it may be commended warmly and even enthusiastically. The atmosphere of English country life, with its duties and privileges, its nice, traditional distinctions of rank and caste is conveyed with something more than mere cleverness; while the clash and strife of political parties, the heat of argument and debate, the secret trickery and corruption, the brutal resort to violence are all flung before us in one big shifting panoramic picture. But back of the big national issues, back of the burden of statesmanship and the sordidness of bribery, there is another special and intimate drama that is being lived through to its tragic end by Sir Guy and the ambitious, clear-headed, physically beautiful clergyman's daughter who, without loving him, has allowed him to make her Lady Rannard. The tragedy of the book is well hidden; at first, you are merely conscious of a certain discordant note, the inevitable discord between an eccentric man, absorbed in his career, and a proud, sensitive woman, who has learned to love the husband whom she first accepted from policy. But little by little you catch side lights upon the nature of Sir Guy; little by little your wonderment increases at his eccentricities, his follies, his suicidal audacities. And suddenly, in the midst of a whirlwind campaign that is to bring glory to himself and to his party, you realise the truth—that the man is mentally unbalanced, that the eccentricities, harmless enough at first, have grown upon him, that the strain has broken down his remnant of self-control, that he is already in the grip of the hereditary malady which slew his father before him. No one can accuse this book of being marred by any misplaced Touch of Poetry. Its strength lies in its remorseless and unrelieved grimness.

"Sir Guy and Lady Rannard"

To readers who relish the Touch of Poetry, the glamour cast by exotic scenes and character often serves as a pretty fair substitute. This is the reason why a prosperous popularity may be predicted for *The Veil,* by Ethel Stefana Stevens, the new romance of North Africa, which strikes a similar note to that of Robert Hichens's *Garden of Allah,* and which, one may add parenthetically, has received a cordial endorsement from Mr. Hichens himself. Personally, to the taste of the present reviewer, it is a pleasanter and more interesting book than *The Garden of Allah;* for there is in all that Mr. Hichens writes an ill-concealed taint of the morbid and the unwholesome. But this is a mere *obiter dictum,* a purely personal opinion, flung out with no desire to impress it on any one else. But what is more to the point, *The Veil,* while lacking in the big spectacular power of *The Garden of Allah,* with its remorseless insistence on the heat, the glare, the burning thirst of the desert, more than offsets all this by its detailed and intimate picture of the inside life of Tunis, its understanding of the native character, the native superstitions, the native barbarism and vengefulness. The central figure of the mysterious dancing woman, known throughout the cities of Europe and of Africa for her wonderful grace, her potent allurement, and her perpetual concealment of her face behind the veil, is a well-chosen and well-sustained symbol of the mystery of the race from which she has sprung, the life which she represents. Her own personal and intimate story, the part she plays as a spy in the destiny of nations, the brand that she bears through life in punishment for earlier sins, the fate that awaits her in atonement for her later ones, are in themselves factors sufficiently important from which to weave a tale full of the spell of exotic strangeness. But the book is bigger than the mere chronicle of one human life. It is a broad, shifting kaleidoscopic picture of a whole race, a whole scheme of ethical and religious culture. It shows us, as very few Eastern novels have shown, the sort of life that lies behind the veil which Mohammedanism has for centuries insisted on flinging over its womankind. And in its swift transitions from the intimate secrets of the harem to the grim

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turmoil and clash of battle it reveals the author as one of those exceptional women who combine a sensitive feminine intuition with an absolutely virile power of visualisation. Unquestionably, this is one of the big books of the season.

"As It Happened"

As it Happened, by Ashton Hilliers, is not at all the sort of book that one would have expected from the author of *A Memoir of a Person of Quality,* and yet after reading it one realises that it is just the sort of book that might have been expected. The charm of the earlier volume lay largely in the author's deliberate affectation of the manner of writing in vogue a century ago, a manner not quite that either of Sterne or Smollett or Fielding, but in a certain curiously composite fashion, a blending of all three. It was quite a simple and rather leisurely personal narrative which did not attempt to sum up a whole race or generation, and it did have a certain artistic symmetry and completeness. The new volume, while still affecting the eighteenth-century manner of writing, is structurally a very different sort of book. It is loosely knit, rambling, starting apparently from nowhere, and eventually arriving at the same spot. Its purpose, gathered partly from the publisher's note, partly also, though in a more indefinite way, from the book itself, is an attempt to sum up the misrule of King George the Third, both at home and in his various colonies. Such is the inadequate excuse offered for a story which opens in India, shifts to the stage-coach days of England, with its outlawry and highway robbery, incidentally brings in some adventures with Algerine pirates and ends up with some fierce engagements with the land and naval forces of Spain. Stolen jewels, missing heirs, mock marriages, and other villainies too numerous to mention leave upon the mind a sort of nightmare impression of Defoe and Smollett and Fenimore Cooper all gone mad at once and rioting together in one stupendous and reckless orgy. It is worth noting that the London *Spectator* has pronounced *As it Happened* to be "a novel in a thousand." The London *Spectator* is doubtless right; it all depends upon the sort of novel that it has in mind to make up its thousand.

"The Greater Power"

The Greater Power, by Harold Bindloss, calls for only a brief mention. This author has already pretty firmly established his reputation for picturing graphically the pioneer life of the great Canadian Northwest. Readers who have liked his earlier volumes will find in *The Greater Power* substantially the same merits and the same defects: the same sense of breadth and freedom, the clean, wholesome breath of woods and mountains and the open sky, the invigorating spirit of wrestling hand to hand with natural forces and wringing triumph from stubborn tree and earth and rock—and at the same time, the same old strain of romanticism, with here and there its gross improbabilities, its time-worn situations, and an annoying tendency to give us not real women, but mere conventionalised substitutes for them. Nevertheless, Harold Bindloss is easy and amusing reading, and now and then he rewards us with a chapter of genuine power.

"The Calling of Dan Matthews"

Much of what has just been said of Mr. Bindloss applies equally to Harold Bell Wright, the author of *That Printer of Udell's,* and some other volumes of phenomenally wide circulation. About all that is necessary to say of *The Calling of Dan Matthews* is that it is precisely the sort of book which the readers who like this author's previous volumes may reasonably be expected to enjoy. That it has no special structural merit, no special distinction of style is quite beside the point. People who read books of this type are not looking for high artistic quality; they are looking chiefly for certain types of distinctly American character, depicted with a certain graphic accuracy; a moderate quantity of more or less whimsical humour and an underlying strain of religious sentiment which sometimes verges on sentimentality. It is not the fault either of the author or of the present reviewer that the latter does not personally enjoy this type of book, but he

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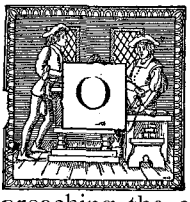
can at least grant to it the cordial recognition that he is always ready to grant to the work of any writer who has known precisely what sort of a book he has wanted to write and has succeeded on two or three successive occasions in writing it.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

THE PAINTER AND HIS PROFITS



NE day during the latter part of August a gentleman walked into one of the few New York art galleries that are not closed for the summer months and, approaching the attendant in charge, said in a friendly way: "This is just a notification call, to let you know that our new home is finished, and that we are ready to buy a Keith whenever you say the word." The attendant explained that the director of the gallery, who was then in the West, had just shipped some of the best examples of William Keith's art ever exhibited, and that they would reach the city within the week. The prospective purchaser was delighted, asked first choice and offered to call at any time the dealer suggested. "That's the best news we have had all summer," the attendant exclaimed, after his visitor had gone. "Mr. ——," mentioning a name well known in New York, "has evidently completed his home on Long Island. We have been working on him for seven years." The attendant then led the way into a storeroom and drew out a wonderful painting by Keith. When I expressed astonishment that he had not shown it to the visitor, he calmly remarked that the paintings coming were far better.

Generally speaking, Keith is not known in the East, and for the simple reason that Californians are ready to take the pictures from his studio almost as rapidly as he can finish them. The dealer here referred to has been buying Keith paintings for more than a dozen years, but only has he been able to secure them by making the long trip West and putting in a personal bid. At the time of the San Francisco fire many fine paintings by Keith were destroyed, and, consequently, the value of those remaining has advanced along with the increased figure he is now able to ask. Even when selling from his studio the price of a picture is seldom less than $5,000. This would seem to indicate that art is not so long as it was, and that life is not so short but that many painters now live to reap most substantial rewards. As a rule, however, the early struggle is yet severe and few painters obtain recognition before they are forty. Yet the painter of to-day has many advantages unknown to the men of former years—and the buying public is much greater.

In the case of Julian Rix, who died in 1903, appreciation came largely because he had faith in his own ability. Fifteen years ago he was known as an ordinary water-colour and oil man, who could turn his hand to etching when it was necessary to bring in a few more dollars. It is doubtful if he ever made above fifteen hundred dollars in any year during this period. Finally he went to a wealthy manufacturer of his acquaintance, told the business man that he knew there was something more in him and wanted the opportunity to bring it out. The manufacturer agreed to stake him and Rix went to work. In less than three years he was prepared to give an exhibition and found a New York dealer who would undertake the task. It was more than successful. In the five years between 1898 and 1903 Rix paid back the six thousand dollars that had been lent him. When he died in the latter year his friends were astonished to learn that, besides repaying all these loans that had been made him, he yet had $20,000 in the bank. His executor refused $100,000 for his pictures that remained unsold.

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Many painters of to-day are doing their art no harm by combining with it some business ability. Thomas Moran will undoubtedly make, this year, between $40,000 and $50,000. His success was reasonably assured long ago, when Congress purchased his "Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone" and followed it up a little later by buying his "Grand Chasm of the Colorado." For each of these pictures the Government paid Moran $10,000. Only during the last five or six years have the paintings from the brush of J. Francis Murphy been looked upon with general favour; but to-day he is one of the "best sellers" in the auction rooms. Horatio Walker is another who finds painting profitable. The New York dealer who handles his work has a ready sale for it at from $3,000 to $5,000 a picture. Henry W. Ranger's income from his paintings, during the last four or five years at least, could hardly be less than $20,000 a year. At the sale of the Evans Collection, back in 1900, his painting, "An East River Idyl," brought $1,350.

John LaFarge, who probably has a larger, though not so discriminating, following through his writings than his paintings, has for many years received very attractive rewards. This is shown better than figures could prove it, in the leisurely manner in which he has painted the picture that will undoubtedly live as his masterpiece. Necessity drove him not at all to hasten this work, that for twenty-one years lay in his studio in various stages of completion; only receiving his attention when he felt irresistibly drawn toward it. The picture represents his conception of the Japanese Goddess of Mercy, meditating on human life, and bears that title in the Japanese, "Kwaunon." The picture has only recently come into the possession of a dealer. William M. Chase, who has some reputation both as art teacher and portrait painter, is more peculiarly distinguished as a painter of still life. The works that have become known as "Chase's Fish Pictures" are classics from the artist's standpoint. It is rumoured that he has a standing offer of $3,000 each for as many of these pictures as he cares to paint. However this may be, it is generally understood that the Pennsylvania Academy secured its painting of this kind for $1,500; while the Corcoran Galleries, at Washington, paid a somewhat larger figure. Granville Smith, who threw over an income of from $10,000 to $15,000 a year from illustrating that he might give his time to painting, is getting back some of his lost revenues—and most any painter could live undisturbed on $5,000 a year, with an increasing demand.

The Academy of Design was a goodly harvest field for many painters last winter. Benjamin Foster's summer landscape brought $2,000; the winter scenes by Redfield, there were three of them, sold for $2,000 each; Francis Day received $750 for his picture; while Glackens, better known as illustrator than painter, was given proof of the appreciation of his ability in the sum of $500 for the picture he exhibited. The painting of portraits has become so remunerative these days that many men who have struggled along on little or less for many years have at last turned to portraiture and found themselves independent. John Singer Sargent undoubtedly stands out as the most successful of these men. One facility of expression, seeming to secure the most remarkable quality when working with the greatest rapidity, Sargent's ability to produce is almost beyond reckoning, as his prices are almost beyond limit. It has been reliably stated that for single figures he is paid from $10,000 to $15,000, and for groups of two from $15,000 to $30,000. In the way of recreation he paints water colours, and it was for a collection of some eighteen or twenty of these, relatively small, that the Brooklyn Institute paid $20,000. And this figure was considered a concession on Sargent's part, made because of the services rendered the fine arts by the purchasing organisation. Of the prices paid American portrait painters who have stayed at home, George Luks's $5,000 commission from the Government for the painting of Elihu Root may be mentioned as a very pleasing example. And Torrey, a painter who is generally busy, it is understood secures $3,000 for each portrait he completes.

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E. A. Abbey must attribute much of his remarkable success to the fact that, coupled with his supreme genius, is an ever ready desire to pay more than he has for anything that will be of service to his art. There are many stories yet alive of how, during his early days in New York, he would flee to some friend's studio to work, that he might escape the creditors who besieged his door. Even while on the big commission for the Boston Public Library there was a time he was so hard pressed for working capital, on account of his extravagant expenditures for costumes and various other properties he considered necessary to the proper fulfilment of his contract, that he was forced to come to New York for ready money. Of course he was successful, for instead of trying to borrow the required amount he painted for it. Eighteen pastelles, picturing the heroines from Shakespeare, were made ready for exhibition in an incredibly short time. They sold for a thousand dollars each and Abbey went back to Boston with all of his pockets bulging greenbacks. Another indication of what might be called his prodigal devotion to art is shown in an incident connected with the $250,000 commission he had for decorating a portion of the Harrisburg Capitol. After he had fulfilled his agreement to the satisfaction of all concerned, except himself, he did $30,000 worth of work, estimating it on the basis of what he had been paid, for nothing.

Going a little farther back, however, we find several men who lacked often the necessities of life and who only in their latest years, if at all, reached any material success or reasonable recognition. Yet their work is now some of the most valuable we have in this country. Homer D. Martin, who died in 1897, lived a life of poverty, shortened through privation. Two years after his death the painting "Westchester Hills" brought $1,000, and so rapidly did the appreciation of his work grow that a year later, in 1900, it found an eager purchaser at $4,750. His "Old Church in Normandy" sold for $3,200, a sum that would have seemed fabulous to Martin. But that is not all. The demand for his paintings became so great that an enterprising dealer hired some one with more skill than conscience to "fake" Martin's style, and the pictures were offered as originals. This condition became known soon after the sale of the collection of the late Senator F. S. Gibbs. At the time of the auction a painting called "On the Seine," said to be a Martin, was sold to a dealer for $2,200. Twice since then the dealer has sold the picture, only to have it returned. Apparently both Senator Gibbs and the dealer were deceived. John Twachtman is another great American painter who died unappreciated. Even after his death, when the widow endeavoured to realise something from a number of his unsold canvases, they went so slowly and at such low prices that she withdrew many of the more important ones. Within a very few years his work had so increased in value that she was able to dispose of these same paintings at handsome figures. To-day his pictures are not to be had, and, from the standpoint of the dealer, are priceless.

Ralph Albert Blakelock, driven to worse than death through the despair that came from lack of appreciation and reward, is to-day looked upon as one of the great painters of recent times. Practically his only patron was the late Senator Gibbs, and poverty forced the artist to offer his pictures at so low a figure that the Senator practically cornered the market. After the latter's death, when his paintings were put up at auction, the Blakelocks brought some of the best prices. "The Pipe Dance," that was given to the Metropolitan Museum of Art by Mr. G. A. Hearn, cost that gentleman $3,100. And yet Blakelock was so poor that often he could not buy canvases. For that reason many of the most charming examples of his art are but a few inches in size—they were painted on cigar-box covers. Yet one of his small ones, only eight by six inches, sold for $510. This was his "Shooting the Arrow."

Inness fared little better, in fact it was not until the last years of his life that he came into anything more than a living. So long ago as February 17, 1899,

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his "Gray Lowery Day" sold for $10,150, breaking all records up to that time for auction-sale prices of American pictures. A few years prior to this sale the late T. B. Clarke had purchased "Gray Lowery Day" for a few hundreds of dollars; but so rapidly did the value of an Inness increase that at this auction Messrs. Henry Sampson, W. R. Hearst, and Joseph Ellsworth eagerly bid against each other for the prize—the painting falling to Mr. Sampson. It is now owned by General Thomas H. Hubbard. At the same sale an art dealer paid $6,100 for "Clouded Sun" by Inness, and, of course, he was purchasing to sell again. At the Evans sale in 1900 "Georgia Pines," by the same artist, brought $5,900.

A. H. Wyant, considered by many to be the greatest landscape painter America has ever produced, not only died unsuccessful, from the worldly standpoint, but was practically unknown for some time after his death, which occurred in 1892. In 1900 his wonderful painting called "In the Adirondacks" sold for $6,300—it could not now be had for twice that sum. He is another whose work is considered, so far as the dealers are concerned, to be almost beyond price.

The name of William Morris Hunt, known to many as a great teacher and painter, would live if he had never done anything more than bring to this country the first paintings it saw by Jean François Millet. And yet when Hunt returned after his long period of struggle by the side of the master Frenchman, people told him that he was crazy if he thought any one would care to hang pictures of peasants in their parlours. Millet died in 1875, indifferently recognised and comparatively poor. Then came Fame, and paintings he had sold for a few dollars brought hundreds, and each sale and each exhibition of his work added honour to his memory and name —and value to his paintings. The French Government paid 300,000 francs for his "Gleaners." The "Angelus" that brought Millet probably his largest fee, though less than $1,000 came to America for $115,000 and cost France to repurchase it $150,000.

Meissonier may be reckoned among the most fortunate ones, for, some time before his death, he had both the pleasure and profit that an artist derives from the sale of pictures at good prices. His portrait work did much to bring him financial success, though it was his renown, already widespread, that brought him wealthy ones who desired Meissonier portraits. Hotel Drouot, the famous auction house of Paris, was an active market place for this painter's work. His "Fumeur," a picture some six or seven inches square, sold there for 34,000 francs, while a water colour, at a little later date, brought 22,000 francs. His masterpiece, the great canvas known as "1807," now hangs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, presented to the institution by Judge Henry Hilton. This painting was originally brought to this country by the late A. T. Stewart, who paid for it the sum of $60,000.

There have been countless exchanges of paintings that for one reason or another are of peculiar interest in connection with the prices paid; but it is only possible to mention a relatively small number of them. Ary Scheffer, whose wonderful picture known as "St. Augustine and His Mother," that hangs in the National Gallery, London, is unusual for the age at which he found a market for his wares. It is related that when only eighteen he sold a picture for fifty francs. Rembrandt did better than that, if recorded gossip has it correct, for he is said to have made more than $25,000 a year for the ten years from 1632 to 1642. Of individual pictures that have brought gratifying prices might be mentioned "Mare Sous Bois," by Diaz, that sold for 18,100 francs; the "Abreuvoir," of Troyon, 25,100 francs; Theodore Rousseau's "Ferme dans le Berry," 20,000 francs; Bonnat's "Jeune Italienne," 9,600 francs; and Gérôme's "Duo," that brought 10,000 francs. At about the time these were sold at Hotel Drouot, Holman Hunt's "Strayed Sheep" sold at Sothby's for £700.

The most remarkable proof of how commercially valuable a painter's name may become could not be shown more strikingly than in the chances taken by purchasers who offer large sums for a

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painting that is even suspected of being executed by a great master. This tendency is evidenced by some of the most prominent bids made during the famous Haminton Palace Sales of about the year 1880. In addition to the "Hobbema" that brought £4,252 10s., the two Rubens, one depicting the birth of Venus that sold for £1,630, the other a portrait that brought £1,837 10s., all authentic pictures, there were sold the following: The great (and doubtful) Rubens, "Daniel in the Den of Lions," of which a replica (which may possibly be the original) exists elsewhere, but which a Mr. Dennison thought worth £5,145, the highest price paid at the sale. "The Adoration of the Magi," ascribed to Botticelli, appeared to be decidedly lacking in authenticity, yet it brought the round sum of £1,627 10s. The same purchaser did not hesitate paying £1,785 for a couple of (doubtful) Mantegas; £525 for a Leonardo portrait (also doubtful), and for a "Giorgione" (considered very doubtful) he paid £1,417 10s. A doubtful picture of the Duchess of Devonshire by Gainsborough was sold at one time for 10,000 guineas. The early career of the portrait favours the theory of its being a "fake." It was purchased in 1839 by a picture restorer for £50; he later sold it to a Mr. Wynn-Ellis for £63. It remained in the latter's collection until 1876. The gentleman who paid the 10,000 guineas for the possible Gainsborough afterward suffered the misfortune of having the painting stolen from his home.

Amos Stote.

THE FIRST ROYAL PRINTER*

WHEN François the First of France conferred upon Geofroy Tory of Bourges the title of "King's Printer," he honoured the nation while he honoured the man, for this first of Royal Printers was destined, for one thing, to work a revolution in French typography. The story of Tory's career—he was born about 1480 and died in 1533—and achievements has been told in a sumptuous volume which has just been published in a limited edition at the Riverside Press.

Tory, like so many other French geniuses, was born of the people. His early manhood was devoted to literary studies, particularly to the study of the French alphabet and language, which he in many ways improved. In the *Champ Fleury,* a book published by him in 1529, Tory made numerous suggestions for the refinement of the language. For example, he urged the use of the apostrophe in place of the final letter in elided words, and the use of the cedilla to mark the soft c.

He became a professor at the Collèges de Plessis, and it was during this period that he first developed an interest in the artistic side of book-making, and began the study of drawing and engraving, confining himself almost exclusively to engraving on wood. The many and admirable examples of this work which he produced are numbered among the particular gems of that art in France. The subject here reproduced is said to be the finest that exists from the hand of any of the engravers on wood.

In time Tory became a bookseller and then a printer, and in 1531 he received his Crown appointment of "King's Printer."

The date of Tory's marriage is not certain, but it is believed to have been about 1511. His wife was Perrette le Hullin. There was one child, Agnes. At the age

*Geofroy Tory: Printer and Engraver: First Royal Printer: Reformer of Orthography and Typography under François I. An account of his Life and Works. By Auguste Bernand, translated by George Burnham Ives. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Co. 362 pp. 350 copies. $37.50 net.

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of ten, on August 25, 1522, the child died suddenly and Tory was deeply stricken. He had conceived the most brilliant hopes for her future, and already had instructed her in Latin and the fine arts.

Not long after this he designed the device for his printing press. It is known as the "Pot Cassé," and while Tory endeavoured to connect its symbols with the ordinary events of life, everything tends to prove that it owes its origin to the death of his daughter. "The shattered antique" vessel represents her career, which was shattered by destiny (represented by the toret) at the very beginning of her life; the book secured by padlocks suggests her literary studies; the little winged figure in the upper corner

FROM THE ENTRÉE DE HENRY II À PARIS, 1549, SAID TO BE THE CHEF-D'ŒUVRE OF FRENCH WOOD ENGRAVING

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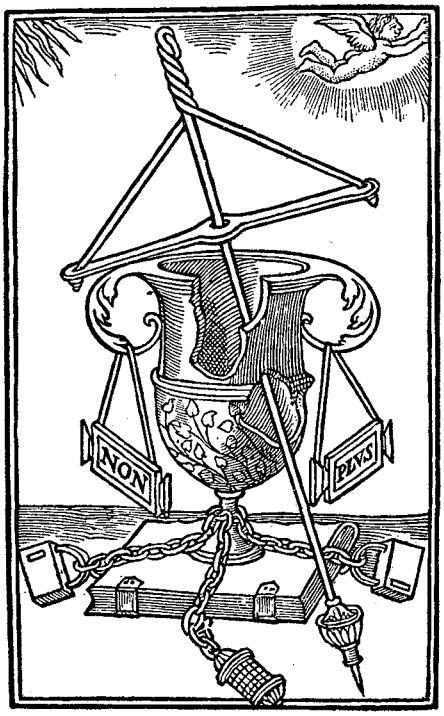
is her soul ascending; the device "non plus" suggests the grief of Tory, who seems to say, "I no longer (non plus) care for anything." Tory used ten variations of this device in his various publications, but all of them include practically the same details.

The translator of the present volume does not note the fact, but it is most probable that Tory got his idea and design for the broken vase from the almost identical example that appears in *The Hypnerotomachia,* printed by Aldus in 1499.

The first half of the sixteenth century represented a period of renovation in the make-up of books as it did in the other arts. A real revolution took place in respect to typography, and the Gothic and semi-Gothic characters were being replaced by the more graceful and legible Roman letters. These were copied mostly from the old monuments of Italy, and Tory was deeply interested in the subject and went to Italy for the purpose of studying the monuments of antiquity, with the result that he accomplished many improvements and refinements in the form of the Roman letters. The alphabets of initial letters which he designed have served as models for the most beautiful of modern examples. Indeed, a large proportion of the best of decorations that have been used by printers of fine editions since the sixteenth century have been either copied or adapted from Tory's designs, or at least inspired by them.

There is still another branch of art that is yet to be added to the achievements of this versatile genius. That is *Iconography,* the painting and engraving of miniature pictures. Delightful examples of this aspect of his work are to be found in many of his books, particularly in his *Books of Hours.* Among the many occupations, however, which so

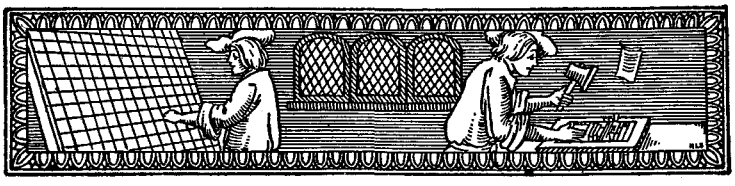


THE "POT CASSÉ"

filled his life, his great enthusiasm seems ever to have been for the improvement of his mother tongue.

The new volume is a tall quarto, printed on an English handmade paper, with a font of type especially designed for the work by Mr. Bruce Rogers. This font is a recut of the famous Caslon letters and harmonises perfectly with the numerous reproductions of Tory's work. The binding is in a dull green antique paper, stamped in gold on the sides with a decoration by Tory. The perfection of the presswork appeals to the printer of fine books, and Mr. Rogers deserves very high praise for this latest achievement in artistic book making.

Laurence Burnham.



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THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

VERSE

Alfred Bartlett (Boston):

Songs of Saint Bartholomew. By Sara Hamilton Birchall.

Short miscellaneous verses.

Duffield and Company:

Songs and Poems. Old and New. By William Sharp. (Fiona MacLeod.)

This selection has been gathered from the five published volumes. As the publishers announce, the selection is a representative one for those who do not require the complete set.

Nazareth Trade School Printing Department (Farmingdale, L. I.):

Songs and Ballads. Walter and Lilian. By Edmund Basel.

Privately Published (Canon City, Colo.):

Landscapes and Waterscapes. By Lottie Schoolcraft Felter.

A small volume of miscellaneous verse.

G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Fresh Fields and Legends Old and New. By Sarah J. Day.

Short poems grouped under such headings as "A Country Home"; "Bird Songs"; "Field Notes"; and "Legends Old and New."

Smith and Sale (Portland, Me.):

Songs of the Open. By John O'Hara.

A volume of verse dedicated to Jack London. The edition has been limited to one hundred copies.

RELIGION, SCIENCE, POLITICS, PHILOSOPHY

The Advocate Publishing Company:

The Errors of Mind Healing. By Reinhold William, M.D.

Compared with the miracles of Christ and His disciples in the healing of the afflicted as viewed by a physician.

The Century Company:

Municipal Government. By Frank J. Goodnow, LL.D.

A volume which will not alone be of value to the college student, but for the general reader interested in political, economic and social questions. The endeavour has been, the author writes, "to treat both the historical development of city institutions in western Europe and to discover the characteristics which distinguish the social conditions of modern urban populations, in the hope that help might be obtained in the solution of the problems presented by city life."

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

The Ethics of Progress; or the Theory and the Practice by which Civilisation Proceeds. By Charles F. Dole.

The design of the book is to set forth a simple, vital principle of conduct which shall govern all doubtful points for the ultimate good of both the individual and the race. The effort is made to treat all questions without theological or other bias, but solely upon the ground of human welfare.

The Mind of Christ. An Attempt to Answer the Question, What Did Jesus Believe? By T. Calvin McClelland, D.D.

The author's purpose is to show in a clear, non-controversial language the basic principles which the Messiah undoubtedly stood for, and which are the groundwork of Christian theology today. In twelve chapters he discusses "Jesus's Idea" on many subjects—"God," "Man," "Himself," "Religion," "Sin," "Salvation," "Prayer," "Immortality," etc.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge. Edited by Samuel Macauley Jackson, D.D., LL.D. (Editor-in-Chief), with the Assistance of Charles Colebrook Sherman and George William Gilmore, M.A. (Associate Editors). Volume IV.

Volume IV includes 948 topics ranging from "Draeseke" to "Goa." It contains a number of very interesting things on archæological subjects, several of which are contributed by Dr. Immanuel Benzinger, the well-known German Orientalist, of Jerusalem. It is strong in biography and history, and contains numerous articles on Bible subjects. There is also a bibliographical appendix which brings the bibliographies for the articles contained in the four volumes published down to July, 1909.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

The Making of the English Bible. With an Introductory Essay on the Influence of the English Bible on English Literature. By Rev. Samuel McComb, M.A., D.D.

In his introduction to this study Dr. McComb states that his purpose is "not to give a history of the English Bible,

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but to indicate in the light of recent investigations the immense debt our latest revision owes to its predecessors, and to estimate the contributions to it from the most idverse sources." The various chapters are as follows: "William Tindale—the Father of the English Bible"; "The Contribution of Miles Coverdale"; "The Contribution of the Genevan Version"; "The Contribution of the Bishops' Bible"; "The Roman Catholic Contribution"; "The Contribution of the Authorised Version"; and "The Contribution of the Anglo-American Version."

Sherman, French and Company:

Modern Light on Immortality. Being an Original Excursion into Historical Research and Scientific Discovery Pointing to a New Solution of the Problem. By Henry Frank.

The author treats his subject in two parts: "The History and the Problem of the Future Life" and "Recent Science and the Problem of the Future Life."

Yale University Press:

The Christian Ministry and The Social Order. Lectures Delivered in the Course in Pastoral Functions at Yale Divinity School, 1908-09. Edited by Charles S. MacFarland.

The thirteen lectures in this volume were selected from a supplementary course of constant instruction in 1908-09 at Yale Divinity School, which attempted to cover, as far as possible, the entire field of pastoral work.

HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

The Maine Woods. By Henry D. Thoreau. With Introduction and Illustrations by Clifton Johnson.

A new illustrated edition. Inspired by the primitiveness of the region Thoreau was led to make three trips into the northern wilderness, the first in 1846 and the last in 1857. *The Maine Woods* is a record of these journeys. There are thirty-three full-page plates illustrating the text.

International Bureau of American Republics:

Chile. A Handbook. Compiled by the International Bureau of American Republics.

A volume of general information in regard to Chile and its resources issued by an organisation supported by the American Republics and which is devoted to the encouragement of Pan-American commerce, friendship, and peace.

The John Lane Company:

Seekers in Sicily. Being a Quest for Persephone by Jane and Peripatetica. Done into the Vernacular by Elizabeth Bisland and Anne Hoyt.

Containing an account of the people, country, and villages of the island jewel of the Mediterranean. The volume is illustrated.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

A Literary History of Rome. From the Origins to the Close of the Golden Age. By J. Wight Duff, M.A.

Comprising a sketch of the earliest Latin records of intellectual activity found in inscriptions and a systematic account of the later development of the Latin literature, with constant regard to its relation to the political and social life of the Romans.

EDUCATIONAL

American Book Company:

Selections from Byron, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, and Browning. Edited by Charles Townsend Copeland, Lecturer on English Literature in Harvard University, and Henry Milner Rideout.

The most recent addition to the Gateway Series of English texts, the general editor of which is Henry Van Dyke. It contains ninety-two selections, all of which are included in the College Entrance Requirements in English. In connection with the selections from each of the five poets is an introduction giving a short biography and some account of the author's work and its tendencies.

Foundations of German. By C. F. Kayser, Ph.D., Professor of the German Language and Literature, Normal College of the City of New York, and F. Monteser, Ph.D., Head of the German Department, DeWitt Clinton High School, New York.

This book meets the needs and wishes of the many teachers who desire to reduce to a minimum all preparatory work, and to introduce the learner at the earliest possible moment to the literature of the language. It therefore presents only topics which are absolutely essential, and presents them briefly, though clearly.

Famous Men of Modern Times. By John H. Haaren, LL.D., and A. B. Poland, Ph.D.

This volume for supplementary reading gives in simple and attractive form the lives of thirty-three great soldiers, sailors, statesmen, scientists, and rulers, from Columbus to Gladstone.

Le Comte De Monte-Cristo. Par Alexandre Dumas. L'emprisonnement—L'évasion—La Découverte Du Trésor. Edited with Notes, Exercise, and Vocabulary by C. Fontaine, D. és L., L. en D.

In order to avoid the excessive length of Dumas's famous romance in the original form, this edition gives in an

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English résumé the plot of the introductory portion of the story, leading up to the imprisonment of Dantes, and omits the latter portion, dealing with his vengeance, as unsuited to class reading. The notes are ample, but concise, and the vocabulary is complete for all matters of translation and usage.

Horace. The Satires. With Introduction and Notes by Edward P. Morris, Professor of Latin in Yale College.

The latest volume issued in the Morris and Morgan Latin Series. It is intended for use in college classes. Professor Morris has laid chief emphasis on the study of the thought of Horace, rather than on questions of language, metre, and allusion. The introduction takes up briefly the life, works, and style of Horace.

Physical Laboratory Manual for Secondary Schools. Revised edition. By Charles F. Adams, A.M.

Embodying the results of twelve years' experience in conducting laboratory work in physics. The seventy-eight exercises are all simple, and the directions for manipulation clear. The Appendix contains general directions for the use of apparatus, and twenty tables of formulæ and physical constants.

The Century Company:

Practical Argumentation. By George K. Pattee, A.M.

The purpose of this text-book is to teach Argumentation, not as a science by itself, but one of the four branches of Rhetoric. The subject is not treated in a purely academic way, nor as a stepping-stone to the study of law. Largely by his choice of illustrative material the author has endeavoured to show that this subject is confined neither to the classroom nor to any one profession. He has drawn his illustrations, for the most part, from contemporary and popular sources—proving thereby that Argumentation is a practical subject.

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

Exercises in French Conversation and Composition. By Gustav Hein.

With conversational questions, exercises for re-translation, and vocabulary.

One Thousand Common French Words. Selected and Arranged by R. de Blanchaud.

This selection of one thousand words, with their English definitions, makes a valuable short working vocabulary.

Houghton, Mifflin Company:

Education for Efficiency and The New Definition of the Cultivated Man. By Charles W. Eliot.

In the Riverside Educational Monographs, edited by Henry Suzzallo, Professor of the Philosophy of Education, Teachers College, Columbia University.

Scott, Foresman and Company:

Elson Grammar School Fourth Reader for the Eighth Grade. By William H. Elson and Christine Keck.

Designed to furnish reading material of choice literary and dramatic quality. Part I deals with poetry; Part II is devoted to the study of great American authors; and Part III contains patriotic selections and some of the great orations.

FICTION

D. Appleton and Company:

The Hungry Heart. By David Graham Phillips.

The story of a man and woman who begin their married life as many do; she ambitious to be helpful to her husband in his chosen field of work; he desiring to be all-sufficient unto himself, leaving her, as assistant, out of his calculations, and considering her only in the light of an ornament to and the keeper of his home.

Broadway Publishing Company:

Dorothy of Angelwood. By M. Y. T. H. Myth.

The story of a soul affinity.

Cochrane Publishing Company:

A Slight Indiscretion. By N. Y. Homer.

Described as a "modern tale of business, wild finance, love, divorce, murder, stock swindling, etc., redeemed by the action of some sweet lovable characters."

In the Shadow of the Peaks. By Stata B. Couch.

The scene is laid in Mexico. The hero is an American who falls in love with a beautiful Spanish girl.

A Modern Valkyrie. By Emily Svenson.

Conversations with a diary: Part I, An act of Self-Defence; Part II. Extracts from a Working Woman's Diary; Part III. Servants: Part IV, A Sure Cure for Despotic Rule; Part V, A True Life Drama; Part VI, Second Discussion; Part VII, Third Discussion; An Appeal to Every Woman.

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

The Christmas Child. By Hesba Stretton.

The scene of this Christmastide story is laid in the farming country of Wales.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

The Disappearing Eye. By Fergus Hume.

A cruel murder is committed for the purpose of securing a glass eye worn by the victim, a woman, who was a village shopkeeper. The value of the eye

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lay in the fact that on the back of it was given information in regard to the whereabouts of a fifty-thousand-pound legacy left to a beautiful girl. Appearances are such that the girl herself at first seems to be the guilty person, but she protests her innocence, and the balance of the story is given up to the unravelling of the mystery.

The Rescuer. By Percy White.

On his deathbed Edgar Maitland, a scientist, makes the request that his assistant, Percy Athelstan, shall carry on the work which he believes to be almost completed and which he is convinced will prove that the brain, in the process of thinking, emits rays which may be photographed. Athelstan continues to draw a yearly income, paid him by the widow of the scientist, for the furtherance of the work, until Colonel Drayton, an old friend of the late Edgar Maitland, brings to light his schemes and the false hopes he has held forth as to the ultimate success of the work.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

A Girl of The Limberlost. By Gene Stratton-Porter.

The scene is laid in the same country as that of *Freckles*, which appeared a few years ago. A number of the characters in *Freckles* are introduced here, and Elnora, the chief character, has the same deep love for the woods that possessed the boy Freckles. She has also become the proud owner of all his books on birds, insects, etc., and has tried to preserve the wonderful room he had made on the edge of the swamp. Elnora is a strong character, and although she has many things to contend with, she accomplishes what she has set out to do—namely, win for herself the education she craved. Through the money she received from the Bird Woman for the specimens she gathered and carried to the city she is able to pay her way through the High School and eventually is able to accept the position of Lecturer on Natural History in the city schools.

Duffield and Company:

Confessions of a Macedonian Bandit. By Albert Sonnichsen.

A good part of the year 1906 was spent by Mr. Sonnichsen wandering about among the people of which he writes. He went to Macedonia as a member of the Committee of Revolution. In this book he explains the recent events in Turkey.

The Son of Mary Bethel. By Elsa Barker.

Miss Barker's new book is described as follows: "A story of Christ—in modern environment. It is not only a dramatic presentation, in the twentieth century, of the life of Him who lived in the first century, but a reverent psychological study of His character and of His gradual development, from childhood to the fulfilment of His mission. Those intimately associated with Him are also here, in modern guise—Peter, John, Lazarus, Mary Magdalen, etc., and the principal events of His life are all here, in modern parallels. Though it is nowhere stated in the book that this man, Jesse Bethel, is the veritable Jesus, yet the reader feels that this is so, and that His teachings (which are epigrammatic—like those in the Gospel) are the very essence of Christianity."

R. F. Fenno and Company:

Along the Way. By William W. Canfield.

Depicting the struggle for private ownership of railroads, the control of which was in the hands of the government, represented by political "grafters." The hero is a young man prominent in the fight against the demoralised condition of affairs. At a political meeting, where he is making a speech, he is shot, and, though wounded rather seriously, shortly recovers and marries the girl for whom he has been waiting.

Zarlah the Martian. By Norman Grisewood.

The hero discovers means of communicating with the inhabitants of Mars and finds that they are a wonderful people, attired in the latest fashions, speaking a universal language, and so far advanced in civilisation that they live a life of peace and good will. He also learns that they have discovered the secret of eternal youth. The hero so far succeeds in his experiments that his own spirit takes flight to Mars, where he meets and loves Zarlah.

A. C. Fifield (London):

The Seven That Were Hanged. By Leonid Andreieff.

Presenting the thoughts and introspection of seven criminals, five men and two women, condemned in Russia for political offences, during the seventeen days in which they awaited their death. The author writes: "If my truthful story about seven of the thousands who were hanged shall help toward destroying at least one of the barriers which separate one nation from another, one human being from another, one soul from another soul, I shall consider myself happy."

The Gramercy Publishing Company:

The Man of Destiny. By Thomas Gold Frost.

In his Man of Destiny, the hero of his book, the author has depicted the character of General Grant. The book is, Mr. Frost writes, primarily a work of fiction and only partakes incidentally

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of the character of an historical romance. The love theme herein presented is purely a creation of the author's imagination, set in a background of historic facts.

Harper and Brothers:

Jonathan and David. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

The story of an old man and his sole companion, a faithful dog. When, in order to save David from the dog-catchers, because he is unable to pay for his license, Jonathan is obliged to part with him the poor old man is heart-broken. The dog soon breaks away from his new home and races back to Jonathan. The old man, prostrated with grief, is too weak to get up and open the door, so David, in his eagerness to get to his master, dashes through the window. When the lady into whose possession David had fallen, and to whom Jonathan was indebted for the privilege of continuing to live in his home, which had long since been sold for taxes, visits Jonathan and witnesses the devotion of the old man and the dog she refuses to have them separated again. She also devises a plan whereby Jonathan and David may earn enough money to support themselves without any aid from the town.

Pa Flickinger's Folks. By Bessie R. Hoover.

A simple tale dealing with the doings of the ordinary people of every-day life —the people whom Lincoln said "God must have loved because He made so many of them."

The Men of the Mountain. By S. R. Crockett.

The scene of Mr. Crockett's new romance is in Switzerland at the time of the Franco-Prussian War in 1871—the "Year Terrible," when the German Army invades the country. The hero, who is opposed to war and who goes about unarmed, is a young Swiss minister.

Hodder and Stoughton:

The Compact. The Story of an Unrecorded Conspiracy in South Africa. By Ridgwell Cullum.

Having been led to believe that the man she loves is dead Mary Gordon is persuaded to marry a wealthy man who is willing to accept her friendship, hoping in time to win her love. Guy Chalmers, however, having met with reverses, had simply allowed the girl to think him dead. When he learns of her marriage to Ferman Elwood he makes his appearance and claims her affections. Elwood, believing that Mary still cares for the other man, makes a strange compact with him. It is to the effect that Mary shall have a year to decide which is the man of her choice, her decision to be final and the one not chosen to meet death by his own hand.

The John Lane Company:

The Need of Change. By Julian Street.

An amusing tale of a visit which an American couple made in England at the home of people whom they had met in Paris and whom, from their dress and mode of living, they judged to be in moderate circumstances. Great was their consternation when they found themselves guests at a "real castle." Mrs. Wooley revelled in the novel situation, but her husband was at no time at his ease and was horribly annoyed by the persistent attentions of a valet, particularly as the wardrobe which his small travelling bag contained seemed very inadequate for the unexpected grandeur he had encountered. Though invited to extend their visit, after two days he flees from the place in rather an indecorous manner; leaving his wife to make explanations.

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company:

Irene of the Mountains. A Romance of Old Virginia. By George Cary Eggleston.

The story is set in the period just preceding the Civil War. Political rivalry for the governorship of Virginia leads to electioneering in the mountains in the northwestern part of the State, where the natives really hold the balance of power under the leadership of a woman of unusual and striking personality. Here the heroine is found and "transplanted" to the fashionable life of Richmond by Colonel Hargraves, the successful candidate, who educates her with his own daughter. Her beauty and the natural powers of her mind readily enable Irene to shine in her new circle, but Virginian family pride, which no one understands better than Irene herself, stands between her and the happiness of a very deserving and likable young man.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

A Castle of Dreams. By Netta Syrett.

A romance of a young girl's life in an old and neglected Irish castle, and of her refusal to grow up and conform to the sophisticated standards of modern society. Lady Bridgit, of Castle O'Shaughnessy, when a small child is deserted by her father and left alone at the castle to fare as best she can the girl's mother being dead. An elderly and kindly neighbour sees to it that she is properly educated and fitted for her station in life. When she had grown to young womanhood her father, who had been living in London and on the Continent, decides to marry her to a wealthy Englishman to whom he is financially obligated. In the furtherance of his plan he arranges for a house party at the

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castle and invites a number of friends from London, including his prospective son-in-law. Lady Bridgit, however, opposes the plan and sets about in her own way to bring it to naught, preferring to choose her own lover, which she does among the guests at the same house party.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

True Tilda. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. ("Q")

The story concerns the adventures of two orphans—True Tilda and the small boy whom she rescues. It also introduces the many eccentric and amusing people whom True Tilda helps, including actors, bargemen, poets, parsons, and maiden ladies.

Small, Maynard and Company:

Happy Hawkins. By Robert Alexander Wason.

Tales of life on the Western plains told by a cowboy.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

Green Ginger. By Arthur Morrison.

Described as a "budget of funny tales and yarns." There are sixteen in all.

JUVENILE

A. S. Barnes and Company:

Spool Knitting. By Mary A. McCormack.

Giving directions for the making of toy knitters, as well as instructions in the knitting of some thirty different articles, with an illustration of each.

Broadway Publishing Company:

Once Upon a Time. By Carl Holliday.

A collection of twelve short stories for children.

The Century Company:

Stories of the Ancient World.
Stories of Classic Myths.
Stories of Royal Children.
Stories of Greece and Rome.
Stories of the Middle Ages.
Stories of Chivalry.

A new series retold from *St. Nicholas* under the general title of Historical Stories. The six volumes contain stories both historical and legendary of the Ancient World and of the Middle Ages. They are intended for use in the fourth to sixth grades.

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

The Land of Nod and What Tinkie and Tess Found There. By J. Walker McSpadden.

All about two earth children who refuse to go to sleep one Christmas Eve, and thus catch the Sandman on his nightly visit, who perforce takes them with him to the Land of Nod. The book is illustrated in colour and in black and white.

We Four and Two More. By Imogen Clark.

A record of a summer spent by six happy children with their grandmother and maiden aunt at a fine old country place. In order that there shall be no dull days these lively children organise the "S. P. O. D.," or Society for the Prevention of Dulness. Its object is "a prank a day" and its motto is "mum's the word."

Pinocchio. The Adventures of a Little Wooden Boy. By C. Collodi. Translated by Joseph Walker.

Pinocchio himself was carved originally out of a log of hard wood. He mingles with people, animals, birds, and marionettes, by turns, on a plane of perfect intimacy. At last, by dint of having lived much and widely, he becomes a real live flesh-and-blood boy of the most approved pattern.

Found by the Circus. By James Otis.

Telling how a little boy who had strayed from his home and fallen asleep in one of the wagons of a cross-country circus is carried with the circus from one town to another and is made one of the chief attractions of the "Great and Only Show."

In Nature's School. By Lilian Gask.

A volume which illustrates a successful way of teaching natural history to children. It tells the story of a little boy who ran away from an orphans' home and went wild in the woods for a whole year. Nature, in the form of a fairy, gives him the power of understanding all the animal tongues and protects him from harm.

Stories of Norse Heroes. Told by the Northmen. Retold by E. M. Wilmot-Buxton.

Containing twenty-five stories, retold in simple, easy prose. Among others appear "How All Things Began"; "How the Fenris Wolf Was Chained"; "How Thor's Hammer Was Lost"; "How Loki Was Punished"; and "How Sigurd Slew the Dragon."

Bethlehem to Olivet. The Life of Jesus Christ Illustrated by Modern Painters. By J. R. Miller, D.D.

There are thirty full-page plates, beginning with "The Arrival of the Shepherds," by Henry Lerolle, and including representative work by Burne-Jones, Holman Hunt, Jacomb-Hood, F. J. Shields, Madox Brown, and A. U. Soord, of the English school; Dagnan-Bouveret, Merson, Flandrin, Gérôme, Bonnat, Lefebvre, Bouguereau, Girardet, and Aubert, of the French school; Von

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Uhde, Dietrich, Gebhardt, Hofmann, Harrach, and Von Liphart, of the German school; and noted painters of other nationalities. Dr. Miller supplies a brief chapter for each of the thirty plates.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

The Silver Canoe. The Story of the Secret that Had to be Kept. By Henry Gardner Hunting.

The scene of this story for young people is laid in a big metropolitan department store. The tale hinges upon the solution of a rebus contest, in which there is some attempt at cheating, which is met by the honesty of two of the contestants.

Elizabeth. Empress of Austria and Queen of Hungary. Translated from the German of Carl Kuchler.

Emperor William First. The Great War and Peace Hero. Translated from the German of a A. Walter.

Louise, Queen of Prussia. Translated from the German of Heinrich Merz.

The Youth of the Great Elector. Translated from the German of Ferdinand Schmidt. By George P. Upton.

New volumes in the series of Life Stories for Young People. This series, which now includes twenty-four volumes, consists of historical romances for children.

The Neale Publishing Company:

The Dreams of Tommy Dimplecheek. By I. C. I. Evans.

Relating some of the wonderful dreams of a jolly, good-natured little fellow nicknamed Tommy Dimplecheek.

L. C. Page and Company:

Flying Plover. His Stories, Told Him by Squat-by-the-Fire. By G. E. Theodore Roberts.

Containing six animal stories told by an old woman named Squat-by-the-Fire, who was supposed to be the wisest person in the tribe of Mountaineer Indians to which she belonged, to her little grandson, Flying Plover, during some of the long winter evenings.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of August and the first of September.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

Fiction

1. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Hungry Heart. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Open Country. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
5. Jason. Forman. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Haremlik. Vaka. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. Fair Woman at Fontainebleau. Hamel. (Brentano.) $3.75.
4. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.00.

Juveniles

No report.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

Fiction

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Hungry Heart. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Bride of the Mistletoe. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

Fiction

1. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Score. Malet. (Dutton.) $1.50.
6. The Bride of the Mistletoe. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

ALBANY, N. Y.

Fiction

1. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. The Bride of the Mistletoe. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

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NON-FICTION

1. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Bird Guide. Reed. (Reed.) $1.00.
3. Old Friends. Winter. (Moffat, Yard.) $3.00.
4. The Life of Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Stevenson Reader. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
2. Budge and Toddie. Habberton. (Grosset & Dunlap.) $1.00.
3. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Bride of the Mistletoe. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
2. The Romance of a Plain Man. Glasgow. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Making of Bobby Burnit. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Jason. Forman. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Romance of a Plain Man. Glasgow. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. The Scarlet Feather. Townley. (Watt.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Bird Neighbours. Blanchan. (Grosset & Dunlap.) $1.25.
2. In Tune With the Infinite. Trine. (Crowell.) $1.25.
3. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. Bridge. Elwell. (Scribner.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Budge and Toddie. Habberton. (Grosset & Dunlap.) $1.00.
3. Betty Wales Series. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Romance of a Plain Man. Glasgow. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Woman in Question. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Score. Malet. (Dutton.) $1.50.
5. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
3. Adrift on an Ice Pan. Grenfell. (Houghton, Mifflin.) 75 cents.
4. Tuberculosis. Knopf. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. Antonio. Oldmeadow. (Century Co.) $1.30.
2. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Our Village. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
5. The Governors. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. The Score. Malet. (Dutton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Haremlik. Vaka. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. Orthodoxy. Chesterton. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. Alaska. Higginson. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
4. Wild Pasture. Packard. (Small, Maynard.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Wild Flowers Every Child Should Know. Stack. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. Roy and Ray in Canada. Plummer. (Holt.) $1.75.
3. Dave Porter and His Classmates. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Bride of the Mistletoe. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Michael Thwaites' Wife. Michelson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. Patience of John Morland. Dillon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

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NON-FICTION

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JUVENILES

1. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Bride of the Mistletoe. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
5. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.00.
2. Adrift on an Ice Pan. Grenfell. (Houghton, Mifflin.) 75 cents.
3. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. Handbook of Alaska. Greely. (Scribner.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Short Stop. Grey. (McClurg.) $1.25.
2. Autobiography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Stories and Poems Every Child Should Know. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. A Woman for Mayor. Winslow. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.
5. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Romance of a Plain Man. Glasgow. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. The Airship Boys. Sayler. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
2. Billy Whisker's Grandchildren. Montgomery. (Brewer, Barse & Co.) 75 cents.
3. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

FICTION

1. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. The Bride of the Mistletoe. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Romance of a Plain Man. Glasgow. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. The Scarlet Feather. Townley. (Watts.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Heidi. Spyri. (Ginn.) 50 cents.
2. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. Little Men. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Set in Silver. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
5. Roads of Destiny. Henry. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Peace, Power, and Plenty. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.
2. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. Stickeen. Muir. (Houghton, Mifflin.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. Little Busy Bodies. Marks and Moody. (Harper.) 60 cents.
3. Motor Boys on the Pacific. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

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INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Fiction

1. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Hand of God. Stephenson. (Ball.) $1.50.
3. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Making of Bobby Burnit. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Bride of the Mistletoe. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
6. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. World's Classics. (Lamb Pub. Co.) $3.00.
2. Riley Roses. Riley and Christy. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $2.00.
3. Railroad Freight Rates. McPherson. (Holt.) $2.25.
4. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.00.

Juveniles

1. The Short Stop. Grey. (McClurg.) $1.25.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Fiction

1. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Whirl. Davis. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00

Non-Fiction

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
2. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
3. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. Monna Vanna. Maeterlinck. (Harper.) $1.20.

Juveniles

1. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Short Stop. Grey. (McClurg.) $1.25.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Fiction

1. The Winning Chance. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
5. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Bride of the Mistletoe. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
2. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) $1.00.
4. The Master of the Inn. Herrick. (Scribner.) 50 cents.

Juveniles

1. Stories and Poems Every Child Should Know. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. Electricity for Boys. Adams. (Harper.) $1.75.
3. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Fiction

1. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Bride of the Mistletoe. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
5. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

Fiction

1. The Woman in Question. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. Poppea of the Post-Office. Wright. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Score. Malet. (Dutton.) $1.50.
4. Red Horse Hill. McCall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. The Bride of the Mistletoe. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
6. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Fiction

1. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Bride of the Mistletoe. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

1. As a Man Thinketh. Allen. (Fenno.) 15 cents.
2. What Is Physical Life? Thomson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. Out of Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Earth's Bounty. St. Maur. (Macmillan.) $1.75.

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JUVENILES

1. The Motor Boys. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. The Short Stop. Grey. (McClurg.) $1.25.
3. Stories and Poems Every Child Should Know. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Jason. Forman. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Making of Bobby Burnit. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Roads of Destiny. Henry. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75 cents.
2. What Is Physical Life? Thomson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. The Great Northwest. Laut. (Outing.) $5.00.
4. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Bride of the Mistletoe. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
3. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Making of Bobby Burnit. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Health and Happiness. Fallows. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
3. Out of Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Women. Harvey. (Harper.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Man Without Principle. Terreve. (Hocking Pub. Co.) $1.50.
3. Red Horse Hill. McCall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
4. The Romance of a Plain Man. Glasgow. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Three Keys. Ormond. (Watt.) $1.50.
6. The Lady of the Heavens. Haggard. (Lovell.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Robert E. Lee. Bruce. (Jacobs.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Rorer's Cook Book. (Arnold.) $2.00.
3. Robert E. Lee. Taylor. (Nusbaum.) $2.00.
4. The Favourite of Napoleon. Cherany. (McBride.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Motor Boys. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. The White Trail. MacDonald. (Caldwell.) $1.50.
3. The Young Traders. Bindloss. (Stokes.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
2. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. A Woman for Mayor. Winslow. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.
4. The Bride of the Mistletoe. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
5. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Christian Science in the Light of Holy Scripture. Haldeman. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg.) $1.25.
3. Quiet Talk With World Winners. Gordon. (Jennings & Graham.) 75 cents.
4. Peace, Power, and Plenty. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Motor Boys. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Score. Malet. (Dutton.) $1.50.
3. Jason. Forman. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Show Girl. Pemberton. (Winston.) $1.50.
6. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Romances of the French Revolution. 2 vols. Le Notre. (Brentano.) $6.00.
2. Mirabeau. Warwick. (Jacobs.) $2.50.

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3. What Is Physical Life? Thomson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Wind in the Willows. Grahame. (Scribner.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Poppea of the Post-Office. Wright. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Woman in Question. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
2. As a Man Thinketh. Allen. (Fenno.) 50 cents.
3. Nervousness. Schofield. (Moffat, Yard.) 50 cents.
4. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Airship Boys. Sayler. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
2. The Motor Boat Club of the Kennebec. Hancock. (Altemus.) $1.00.
3. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. By Right of Conquest. Hornblow. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
3. Tempered Steel. Mallory. (Fenno.) $1.50.
4. The Woman in Question. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. The Scarlet Feather. Townley. (Watt.) $1.50.
6. The Three Keys. Ormond. (Watt.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Art and Science of Advertising. French. (Sherman, French.) $2.00.
2. Operation, Care, and Repair of Automobiles. Clough. (Horseless Age.) $1.00.
3. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
4. The Modern Bank. Fiske. (Appleton.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Harry's Island. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. The Substitute. Camp. (Appleton.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Bride of the Mistletoe. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
3. Jason. Forman. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Old Lady No. 31. Forsslund. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Old Lady No. 31. Forsslund. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The White Mice. Davis. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Romance of a Plain Man. Glasgow. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
5. The Making of Bobby Burnit. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Bride of the Mistletoe. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Handbook of Alaska. Greely. (Scribner.) $2.00.
2. The Columbia River. Lyman. (Putnam.) $3.50.
3. A Little Land and a Living. Hall. (Arcadia Press.) $1.00.
4. United States. Baedeker. (Scribner.) $4.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Governors. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. The Kingdom of Earth. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

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4. Red Horse Hill. McCall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. Poppea of the Post-Office. Wright. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Set in Silver. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Old Friends. Winter. (Moffat, Yard.) $3.00.
2. Italian Highways. Miltoun. (Page.) $3.00.
3. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
4. Bird Guide. Part II. Reed. (Reed.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Peter Rabbit. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Romance of a Plain Man. Glasgow. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Woman in Question. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
2. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
4. As the Hague Ordains. Scidmore. (Holt.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Great Year. Dudley. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
3. Betty Wales, B. A. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Romance of a Plain Man. Glasgow. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Red Horse Hill. McCall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Bride of the Mistletoe. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
6. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Joy of Life. Garrison. (Kennerley.) $1.25.
2. Shelley. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.00.
3. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. Rover Boys on Treasure Island. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 50 cents.
2. Motor Boys in Strange Waters. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
3. The Making of Bobby Burnit. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Adrift on an Ice Pan. Grenfell. (Houghton, Mifflin.) 75 cents.
2. Stickeen. Muir. (Houghton, Mifflin.) 60 cents.
3. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.00.
4. Greatness and Decline of Rome. Ferrero. (Putnam.) $12.50.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Scribner.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Poppea of the Post-Office. Wright. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. Set in Silver. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. Antonio. Oldmeadow. (Century Co.) $1.30.
6. Jason. Forman. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Shadow on the Dial. Bierce. (Robertson.) $2.00.
2. Luther Burbank. Jordan. (Robertson.) $1.75.
3. Wine of Wizardry. Sterling. (Robertson.) $1.25.
4. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.

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5. The Bride of the Mistletoe. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
6. The Woman in Question. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Alaska. Higginson. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
3. Handbook of Alaska. Greely. (Scribner.) $2.00.
4. Message of an Indian Relic. Lloyd. (Lowman & Hanford.) 35 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Black Flier. MacVane. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
3. The Music Master. Klein. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Romance of a Plain Man. Glasgow. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Columbia River. Lyman. (Putnam.) $3.50.
2. Handbook of Alaska. Greely. (Scribner.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

FICTION

1. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Red Horse Hill. McCall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Making of Bobby Burnit. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Winning Chance. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Peace, Power, and Plenty. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.
2. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
3. Prosperity Through Thought Force. McClellan.
4. Brain and Personality. Thomson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. April Fool Doll. Gates.
2. Putnam Hall's Rebellion. Winfield. $1.50.
3. Rover Boys on Treasure Island. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 50 cents.

TORONTO, CANADA.

FICTION

1. Ballads of a Cheechako. Service. (Briggs.) $1.00.
2. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Musson.) $1.25.
4. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (McLeod.) $1.25.
6. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Bride of the Mistletoe. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
3. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Jason. Forman. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75 cents.
2. As a Man Thinketh. Allen. (Fenno.) 50 cents.
3. Poems. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.80.
4. Boston Cooking School Cook Book. Farmer. (Little, Brown.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

				POINTS
A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
" "	2d	"	"	8
" "	3d	"	"	7
" "	4th	"	"	6
" "	5th	"	"	5
" "	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50	221
2. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50	217
3. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50	186
4. The Bride of the Mistletoe. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25	113
5. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50	80
6. The Romance of a Plain Man. Glasgow. (Macmillan.) $1.50	72

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A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF NEW NOVELS

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH

BUFFALO, DETROIT, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., ST. PAUL, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, AND TORONTO

	NO. LISTS
The Goose Girl	7
The Inner Shrine	6
A Certain Rich Man	5
The White Mice	5
The Bride of the Mistletoe	4
The White Sister	4
Katrine	3
The Man in Lower Ten	3
The Making of Bobby Burnit	3
Mr. Opp.	3
Anne of Green Gables	2
The Romance of a Plain Man	2
Marriage à la Mode	2

EAST

NEW YORK CITY, ALBANY, BALTIMORE, BOSTON, NEW HAVEN, PHILADELPHIA, PROVIDENCE, PITTSBURG, ROCHESTER, WASHINGTON, AND WORCESTER

	NO. LISTS
A Certain Rich Man	10
The Inner Shrine	9
The Goose Girl	8
The Bride of the Mistletoe	5
Jason	4
The White Sister	4
The Score	4
Katrine	4
The White Mice	3
The Hungry Heart	2
The Girl of the Limberlost	2
The Scarlet Feather	2
The Governors	2
Poppea of the Post-Office	2
The Woman in Question	2

SOUTH

ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM, DALLAS, LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, NASHVILLE, NEW ORLEANS, NORFOLK, AND RICHMOND

	NO. LISTS
The Inner Shrine	4
The Bride of the Mistletoe	4
The Romance of a Plain Man	3
The Goose Girl	3
Mr. Opp.	3
The Making of Bobby Burnit	2
The Woman in Question	2
Katrine	2
The Man in Lower Ten	2
The White Sister	2
Red Horse Hill	2

WEST AND MIDDLE WEST

CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVELAND, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, OMAHA, ST. LOUIS, SALT LAKE CITY, SAN FRANCISCO, AND TOLEDO

	NO. LISTS
The Inner Shrine	10
The Goose Girl	7
A Certain Rich Man	6
The Bride of the Mistletoe	6
Mr. Opp.	5
Katrine	4
The Romance of a Plain Man	4
The Man in Lower Ten	3
A Woman for Mayor	2
The White Sister	2
Red Horse Hill	2
Set in Silver	2
The Making of Bobby Burnit	2
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine	2
The Winning Chance	2
The Calling of Dan Matthews	2
Marriage à la Mode	2

"No. Lists" indicates the number of times the book appears on lists sent to us from various cities. Books mentioned only once not included.

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A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF JUVENILES

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH Buffalo, Detroit, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Portland, Me., Portland, Ore., St. Paul, Seattle, Spokane, and Toronto	EAST New York City, Albany, Baltimore, Boston, New Haven, Philadelphia, Providence, Pittsburg, Rochester, Washington, and Worcester	SOUTH Atlanta, Birmingham, Dallas, Louisville, Memphis, Nashville, New Orleans, Norfolk, and Richmond	WEST AND MIDDLE WEST Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Denver, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Omaha, St. Louis, Salt Lake City, and San Francisco
Silver Fox	Stevenson Reader	Motor Boys	The Short Stop
The Road to Oz	The Hole Book	Mary Ware	Heidi
Anne of Green Gables	Silver Fox	The Hole Book	The Road to Oz
Mary Ware	Airship Boys	The White Trail	Anne of Green Gables
The Hole Book	Peter Rabbit	The Road to Oz	April Fool Doll

A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF BOOKS—NON-FICTION

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH Buffalo, Detroit, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Portland, Me., Portland, Ore., St. Paul, Seattle, Spokane, and Toronto	EAST New York City, Albany, Baltimore, Boston, New Haven, Philadelphia, Providence, Pittsburg, Rochester, Washington, and Worcester	SOUTH Atlanta, Birmingham, Dallas, Louisville, Memphis, Nashville, New Orleans, Norfolk, and Richmond	WEST AND MIDDLE WEST Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Denver, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Omaha, St. Louis, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, and Toledo
What Is Physical Life?	England and the English	Health and Happiness	Psychotherapy
Alaska	Why Worry?	Robert E. Lee	Why Worry?
England and the English	Care and Feeding of Children	Why Worry?	Christian Science in the Light of Scripture
The Columbia River	Haremlik	Mrs. Rorer's Cook Book	The Blue Bird
Message of an Indian Relic	Old Friends	Out of Doors in the Holy Land	The Shadow on the Dial

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